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OCT. 30, 1937

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"Now all I ask of you fellows is to get a bit louder and tell the world you have the champion of trucks—a truck that doesn't know the meaning of the word 'quit.' Now my friends, all this is coming from a bystander with years of experience with trucks—including eighteen months with the transport in France, where I thought we had tough going. But this place has shell holes licked a mile, and your Internationals are licking the worst trucking conditions in the world.

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The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

OCTOBER 30, 1937

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Vol. 1 No. 16

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Our own business

Hingham, Mass.—Your editorial, "Our Own Business," was like cool water to a parched throat. I am confident it awakened equal sentiment in the hearts of thousands of Japan's stanch friends in this country. If courageous Japan ever needed understanding friends, and the simple truth told about her, she needs them now in her disheartening struggle for justice, progress, and decency against malevolent and conscienceless foes.

You should have said more about the Mephistophelian maze of corruption, of greed and deception, of the communism back of the poisonous barrage of propaganda with which our woefully gullible country is at present saturated.

Reams of paper could be filled with the injustice with which friendly Japan is treated here. What are our religious and commercial bodies thinking about when they encourage the shackling of progressive, Christian Japan, and hope Red China with her ally may win?

The writer lived and worked years in Japan and China, and has just returned from a nine months' inspection trip through Japan, Korea, Manchukuo, and Peking. America has no more honest and devoted friend in this world than Dai Nippon. Japan is, in fact, perhaps our only real friend.—*T. Philip Terry*

Neutral, pro, and con

Seattle, Wash.—I have been keenly interested in the Orient for 25 years. My interest has been largely cultural, since I am not bound by any economic ties to the Far East.

It has been my privilege to have made numerous trips to the Orient—some of them extended to periods of permanent residence, not only in Peking but in Tokyo as well. At the present writing I have just returned from the Far East.

Having been a resident of the Pacific coast, where the Japanese are now colonized to the extent of 120,000, I have no recollection of the traditional friendship mentioned in your articles; and, having visited many times in Tokyo, I am yet to be convinced from actual observation that any great love has ever been lost between America and Nippon.

In the recent canvass of public opinion carried out by the Institute of Public Opinion I was interested to learn that 55 per cent of the people of the United States were neutral in the present war in the East; 43 per cent were listed as pro-Chinese, the remaining 2 per cent as pro-Japanese.—*Orre N. Nobles*

Anathema of the gods

Montreal, Canada—I listened to every word of President Roosevelt's Fort Raleigh speech, and feel you are scarcely justified in attributing to him qualities of arrogance and intolerance and in saying that "he poured scorn and contempt upon those who have criticized his policies."

I felt most strongly that he was calling down the just anathema of the gods upon the enemies of democracy rather than those who merely criticize his ways and means of statesmanship. The President's attack was directed only against the enemies of the Constitution, who do their best to divide the people into groups whose power depends upon the magnitude of their bank rolls.

To people who are truly democratic, who believe in a constitution which ensures everyone the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," Mr. Roosevelt's address was an inspiration. Under it they should strive to bring about a real democracy, not a hypocritical one eulogized on the "Glorious Fourth," and repudiated the rest of the year.

Every public man makes mistakes, and healthy criticism is a good thing in the press of any country; but extreme and continual vituperation, such as is heaped upon the President's head by so many writers, must be the most discouraging thing he has to face.—*Mabel Beatrice Smythe*

Sour note

Eugene, Ore.—Your attitude on the only administration that has tried to correct some of the evils that are gradually undermining our national life is very repulsive to me.

It would be showing leadership if you could see the good and condemn the evil.

But to do continually all in your power to destroy all just because you happen to be on the losing end is certainly little. The common people are beginning to read between the lines. Your chorus is too harmonious, for we know that a lot of good has been done, even though you and the rest refuse to admit it.—*Marvin T. Warlick*

Tentative tenants

Hollywood, Calif.—In your September 18 article, "Ever Normal Granary," you explain Secretary Wallace's proposal for legislation enabling tenant farmers to buy the farms on which they are share-croppers.

In 1913 I developed nine fine, black-land cotton farms on the Texas coast and put tenants on them on a share-crop basis. The farms were better than average; and, after five years of ownership, I thought of a plan whereby my tenants might own the farms, by paying, instead of on rent, on the principal plus interest at 6 per cent.

I sold the farms to them virtually at cost price, but not one of the original nine carried through with his contract. Some just walked out after a year or so; others sold their small equities and moved. My experience was that as tenants they were O. K., but as probable owners they wouldn't stand up.—*Richard Randolph*

The pot calls—

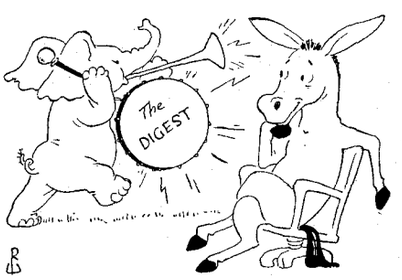
Centerville, S. D.—The controversy over the appointment of Hugo Black to the Supreme Court clearly shows the inconsistency of many of his self-appointed critics. There cannot be any question that many of Mr. Black's would-be judges are themselves members of some secret order. All this noise about Justice Black having been a Klansman does not make much sense to one who is distrustful of all secrecy. The whole thing looks too much like a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

It is to be regretted that in a free country there should be need for anyone to bind himself by oath, and then to hide his intentions behind a hood.

The American public, certainly, is justified to feel outraged over the fact that Supreme Court Justice Black had been a member of the hooded order—but only to the extent that it is itself free from all oath-bound orders.—*H. H. Kuehn*

Democrat's delight

Sebring, Fla.—I should like to express my wholehearted approval of your magazine, especially of Dr. Shaw's editorials. In spite of the fact that I am a Democrat both from conviction and from tradition,



I find much to stimulate me in your magazine. The make-up is intriguing.

It is like an old friend who has been away for a long time, and suddenly comes back—the same in many respects, and yet different. After a period of probation, we admit him closer to our hearts than ever. I never had any use for spineless pap. I get more pleasure from reading views which are contrary to my own when they are forcefully and unapologetically stated,

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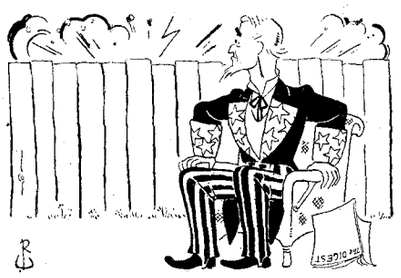
than I do from reading views with which I concur, but which are sneakingly stated, thoroughly timid, and always watching the direction of the wind.—*M. R. McDonald*

Cowardice is the name

Ridgefield, N. J.—In these days when massed airplane flights span oceans, and engineers are working on stratosphere



planes to make the round trip to Europe in one day, the geographic factors in our defense are vanishing and tomorrow will be gone. Isolation is a myth.

The way to prevent war is not to fall over backward in our haste to renounce all the commercial and property rights of our citizens in Shanghai. There is only one argument that aggressor nations respect, and that is force. Just as soon as they become convinced that we are afraid to fight to protect our rights, we invite attack. It is very unsafe to play the coward.

Neutrality is basic cowardice. One can not be a "good neighbor" and at the same time calmly watch his neighbor's family being blown to bits. For a great nation to be neutral in a case of clear-cut aggression is to make it a party to the crime.—*F. H. Null*

The isles of Greece

Lubbock, Tex.—THE DIGEST recently carried an article on "Dictatorship in Greece" by Julian Bach, Jr., reprinted from *The Nation*. I disagree with Mr. Bach. General Metaxas, the prime minister, whom the author considers a dictator, is a first-class general, statesman, and patriot. He loves the entire Greek people and makes no distinction between classes and parties. He wants to unite his people and return them to the ways their ancestors have trod since 1000 B.C.

Before Metaxas, Greece verged on destruction. When the king entrusted him with the government, Metaxas acted speedily. He settled the labor question in a day, once and for all. He modernized the armed forces and their equipment. He enacted social security laws and saved farmers from vulture-like creditors. He urged the country to work and to become self-sufficient; the results speak for themselves. He fought and uprooted communism completely. He did not have to copy forms of government from other countries. He saw that 3000 years of Greek history supports Aristotle's principle—"A wise monarchy is the preferable form of government for the Greeks."

Mr. Bach overlooked the fact that the whole country came out to celebrate the first anniversary of Metaxas' rule and thank him for what he had done. The government orders and the people unanimously obey. Greece is following Greek ideas, and soon the glory that was Greece will return.—*Peter Little*

Last shall be first

London, England—We ought to reverse the manner of addressing our correspondence. The first thing the post officials look for on a letter is the principal place of destination—the town or city, or, if it is to go abroad, the country. At the second stage of its progress they pick out the *arrondissement*; next the road or street; then the number or name of the house; and, finally, the name of the addressee. It would be much easier for the postal authorities if we addressed our correspondence thus:

U. S. A.
New York City
233 Fourth Avenue
THE DIGEST
The Editor

—*Peter Waddell*

Second sight

Chicago, Ill.—I have just read the article, "Some Foolish Ideas," reprinted in THE DIGEST, and wish to offer a correction on so-called "second sight." The condition described in this article is a natural, normal change affecting all healthy eyes.

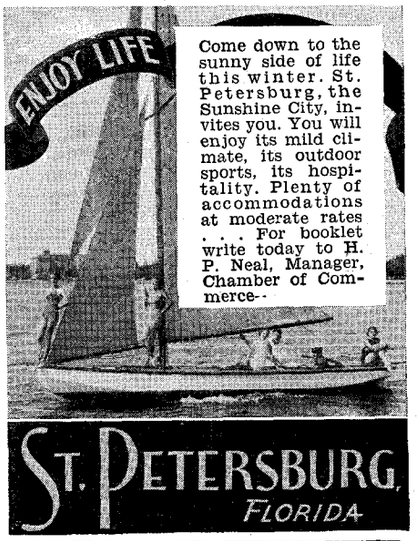
Second sight is an entirely different condition, affecting our vision directly opposite to the normal change in our eyes at 40.

Second sight results from a swelling of the lens within the eye along its anterior-posterior axis which increases its magnifying power and gradually shortens one's range of vision. Consequently, an eye that was farsighted becomes less farsighted, continues to change until it may be normal for distance, and then, as the swelling of the lens continues, becomes nearsighted.

At this point, a person so affected may discover, if he has used glasses for near vision, that he can see as well or better without his glasses than with them. This is, however, usually a temporary condition and only one step removed from complete loss of vision.

Second sight is due to a diseased condition of the eye, a type of cataract, and usually occurs in the 60's or 70's. Quite often the progress of such a condition is arrested by improved health.

Periodic eye-examination will uncover such a condition in its early stages and allow for corrective measures. If allowed to go until the patient is aware of an interference with his vision, the cataract is usually well developed; and only an operation will restore full sight.—*O. H. Bersch, O. D.*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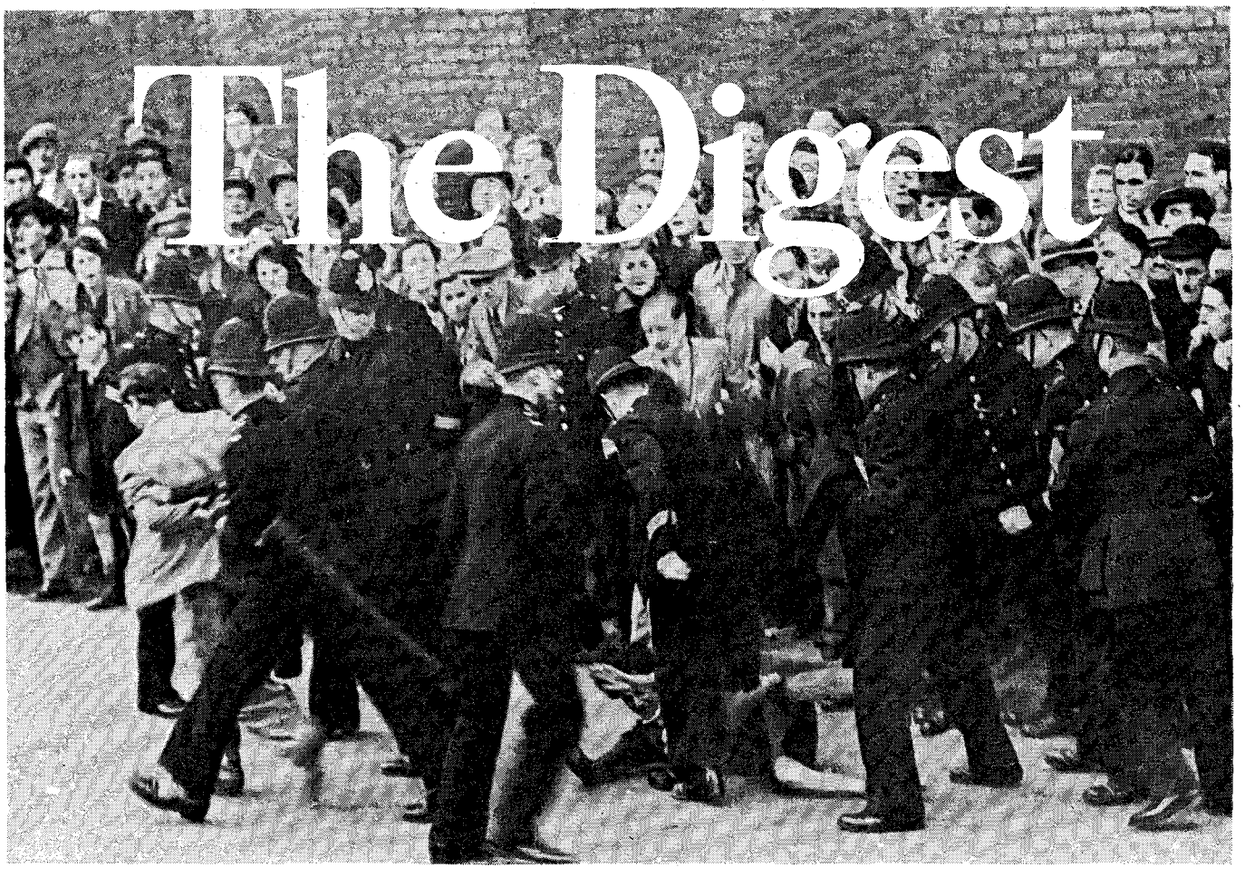

INTERNATIONAL

STORM AND STRIFE are England's burden as Sir Oswald Mosley, fascist leader, tries to speak in Liverpool. For the third time this year his plans are wrecked

STORY OF A WEEK

ON ORDERS from the boss, two of the New Deal's famous alphabetical agencies, RFC and PWA, wind up their affairs. In addition, if he has his way, the New Deal will "more and more narrow the circle of its relief activities."

Because, explained President Roosevelt, "unless federal taxes are to be greatly increased, the expenditures have to be brought within the existing tax receipts." On the same day, he released his latest budget estimate, predicting a deficit of $695,000,000 for the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1938. This is $277,000,000 greater than his April estimate of the deficit, and $732,000,000 more than his estimate in January (when he foresaw a balance). But it is also $2,000,000,000 less than the deficit for the fiscal year just ended.

The causes of the larger deficit, the President declares, are that wildcat Congressional spending is boosting government expenses $214,000,000; the government will have to shell out $130,000,000 in commodity loans to cotton farmers; and tax receipts are $256,000,000 less than previously estimated.

As an offset to this, the President disclosed that federal social security expenditures will be $115,000,000 less than anticipated and $208,000,000 will be shaved from departmental budgets.

The President predicts a "change in the character of the public debt" during the next year. Which apparently means that the government will not borrow from private sources, but from its swelling Social Security Fund.

THE FACT that editorial as well as publishing control of THE DIGEST *has passed into other hands, has been announced in the daily press.*

To the readers of this magazine let me say that those of us who retire have the highest confidence in the ability of the group who now direct this publishing enterprise. Our best wishes are with them in their unremitting effort to merit your continued support.

ALBERT SHAW, JR.

Aldrich on the market

"THE RECENT drastic decline in stocks, on a very moderate volume of selling, reveals an impairment of the efficiency of the stock market that calls for prompt correction. This impairment is . . . the cumulative effect of . . . recent governmental policies, many of which can and should be modified."

Coming from no ordinary broker, but from Winthrop W. Aldrich, brother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller and chairman of the country's biggest bank, the Chase National, this statement set Wall Street murmuring "Amen" and caused no little buzzing in Washington. Like other critics,

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DIGEST PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

"I'D RATHER BE RIGHT," on the Boston stage, stars George M. Cohan in the role of President Roosevelt. With him here is Bijou Fernandez, as Secretary of Labor Perkins. Plot and dialogue are uproarious satire, and the show seems destined to be the season's hit

Aldrich found many things wrong with government regulation of the stock markets. But unlike many others, he offered solutions.

Criticisms: The capital-gains and income taxes make it too expensive for wealthy persons to enter the market on a large scale. . . . Professional speculators find in-and-out trading too costly and restricted; hence their support in stabilizing a market is lacking. . . . Corporation "insiders" are prevented from buying their company's stock on a market decline. If they profit from their buy, they must turn the gain over to their company; if they lose, they must pocket their loss. . . . SEC rules governing exchange-floor traders and specialists are confused and complicated. . . . Market specialists must prove their activities beneficial, to the SEC's satisfaction. . . . Margin requirements are too high.

Suggestions: The capital-gains tax and high-bracket income-tax rates should be changed to a low flat-rate tax. . . . Rules covering trading by insiders should be modified, so they can lend support to the market on a decline. . . . The SEC should clarify its rules covering justifiable activities of specialists. . . . Margin requirements should be flexible, rising on booms and dropping on breaks.

Responding to Mr. Aldrich, Ferdinand Pecora (who in 1933 directed a Senate committee's investigation of stock-market practices, out of which grew the SEC) declared: "Mr. Aldrich in effect now urges a return of 'quantity' rather than 'quality' markets. He laments the thinness of the market. . . . Mr. Aldrich's theories are not new. This country tried them prior to 1929, and has been recovering from them ever since."

While these two doctors disagreed on the diagnosis, the groaning patient took a turn for the worse. On Monday of last week, stocks plummeted 2 to 15 points in a 3,200,000-share turnover. The drop pushed stock values back to where they were in the spring of 1935, just before the sustained, two-year rise began. The break was the worst in six years.

Landon's fireside chat

"THE REPUBLICAN party being in the doghouse, it should avail itself of an opportunity at least to get back into the kitchen. The mid-term conference plan offers that opportunity. It is the only idea the party has had for ever so long."

So wrote Arthur Krock in the New York *Times* recently, supporting the recommendations of Herbert Hoover and Chairman John D. M. Hamilton that the Republican National Committee, at its November 5 meeting, authorize a national convention to frame a statement of Republican principles. Senator Borah, however, lashed back last week that "the convention . . . would have no authority. . . . There would be no better way to stir discord."

Consequently all eyes were on Alf M. Landon last week as he made his most important public statement since "the avalanche of last November." In calling a "nation-wide mass meeting over the radio," he had reasserted his titular leadership of the party.

Taking no stand on the mid-term convention, Landon besought his party to lay aside "all petty differences." He commended Roosevelt's aims of social progress, but declared he had made costly mistakes through "failure to follow the spirit of the constitution." He asserted the President had failed "as an administrator."

A labor peace?

PROSPECTS of peace between the American Federation of Labor and the Committee for Industrial Organization looked slim indeed two weeks ago.

The Federation, in convention at Denver, had authorized its executive council to revoke the charters of unions which it had already suspended for casting their lot with the C.I.O. The C.I.O., in convention at Atlantic City, had replied by authorizing its officers to call a meeting to establish a permanent C.I.O. federation, rival of the A. F. of L.

Yet this week a flag of truce is flying in Washington. Unexpectedly, the C.I.O. held out a peace offer to the A. F. of L., the Federation accepted it, and a conference in Washington of both sides is now laying the groundwork for a larger peace meeting later on. The chief representative of the Federation is George W. Harrison, president of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. The chief representative of the C.I.O. is Philip Murray, chairman of the Steel Workers Organization Committee. Whether they and their assistants will actually take this first step toward labor peace will soon be seen.

If peace is eventually achieved, the A. F. of L. would boast no fewer than 7,000,000 members, as compared to the 3,000,000 it had two years ago, when the C.I.O. was formed, and 4,000,000 at its all-time peak in 1920.

But difficulties in the way of labor

INTERNATIONAL

NO HEART-BEAT, no lung action, yet this newborn baby lived. Adrenalin, injected directly into the heart, and artificial respiration gave life. The doctor: Arthur B. R. Smith of Jersey City

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unity are admittedly serious. One difficult nut to crack is conflict of jurisdictions. The A. F. of L. convention granted charters to five new unions to fight C.I.O. unions among the miners of southern Illinois, the smelters of Missouri, Oklahoma, and Kansas, the farmers and canners on the West coast, the newspaper reporters, and the so-called white-collar workers. In the sawmills and lumber camps, along the docks and in warehouses, in textile mills and oil fields, that fight is raging on.

To outsiders, another tough nut might prove to be the Federation's devotion to craft unionism, as contrasted with the industrial unionism espoused by the C.I.O. But the Federation seems to think that cracking this nut would be easy. The very A. F. of L. resolution which authorized expulsion of the C.I.O. unions declared: "Today there is no definite line anywhere that marks trade or craft unions apart from industrial unions. . . . There are far more industrial unions within the American Federation of Labor than there are . . . in the C.I.O."

One suggestion is that the C.I.O. unions affiliate with the Federation as a special department, similar to the existing building trades and metal trades departments. Its function then would be to organize workers in mass-production industries.

DEAD END
TELLS WHY WE ARE ON BABY STRIKE
NO MORE BABIES UNTIL BETTER HOUSING
SLUMS MAKE BUMS
WE'RE AGAINST ANY MORE DEAD END BABIES

PICKET LINE at New York's City Hall. Empty baby carriages are threatened unless the East Side gets a federal model-housing project

On and in college

"A COLLEGE is too large if its stadium is crowded every Saturday afternoon." Dr. Rosswell G. Ham, president of Mt. Holyoke College, thus expounded his educational philosophy at his induction recently, while a score of other new presidents were theorizing similarly.

With a gain of 3.9 per cent in enrollments in leading colleges this year, opinions on the significance of higher education are flying thick and fast. Is the student allowing his social life to interfere with his studies? Are "Swing" and "The Big Apple" overshadowing philosophy and fine arts? What do these new and younger college presidents think?

President Charles Seymour of Yale confronts the issue with broad-mindedness. "Education," he explains, "is not confined within classroom walls, where the tangibles can be had for the seeking. With some men the intangibles count for more; the courses in good citizenship and social responsibility that go on day after day without professorial direction in the extra curricular life of the campus."

Dr. Seymour likes to see a student study, but rejoices equally over men who may have gained nothing from four years of college but strength and character. In his opinion, they are educated to face life—and Alma Mater is proud of them.

Cornell hails the inauguration of Dr. Edmund Ezra Day, who emphasizes extra-curricular activity: "The university must be interested in more than the intellectual life of its students. Their health and physical education, their social activities, their moral standards and practices, their religious life and beliefs, are all germane to the university's task."

Yet, afraid of being misinterpreted, Dr. Day hastened to "reaffirm that the primary function of a university is to promote the intellectual life."

At Williams College, Dr. James Phinney Baxter 3d succeeds Dr. Tyler Dennett. During the latter's regime, student responsibility was considerably increased, students were given a freer hand in the selection of courses and more attention was paid to outside activities. President Baxter is deeply in sympathy with the liberating movement. "Thanks to the large amount of constructive work that has gone before," he says, "the college can well afford a breathing space, time to consolidate its gains."

Federal housing

NO LONGER will government housing be a mere "stepchild to unemployment and relief."

An end has been called to the political football game, which lateraled housing programs back and forth, fumbled and often mislaid them.

The federal government is now taking an opening shot at slum clearance in larger cities and low-cost housing among small wage earners with a three-year $526,000,000 housing program, headed by Nathan Straus, "Quarterback" Roosevelt's latest appointee.

Hammered through a reluctant Congress by Senator Bob Wagner, New York Democrat, the program is the only major social reform that weathered the last stormy session. Its aim is to pull down ancient slums and build up modern homes —all at a low cost and on a large scale.

To decentralize responsibility, localities must share 10 per cent of each federal loan they receive. To insure low rentals, the federal government will pay annual subsidies to localities which charge low rents. Finally, to block any state from grabbing a lion's share of the building loans, the share of each is limited by law to 10 per cent of each year's total loans. The program will be financed by government-guaranteed bonds—$100,000,000 worth to be floated this year, $200,000,000 worth in each of the following two years.

In selecting a man for the new $10,000-a-year post, the President sealed a long friendship with Mr. Straus. They worked together in New York politics when Straus was a state senator, and again on the NRA, when he was code-compliance director in New York State. Moreover, in 1928, Mr. Roosevelt, running for governor, almost made Mr. Straus his running mate for lieutenant governor.

Today, at 48, Mr. Straus, quiet and spectacled, can look back on a varied

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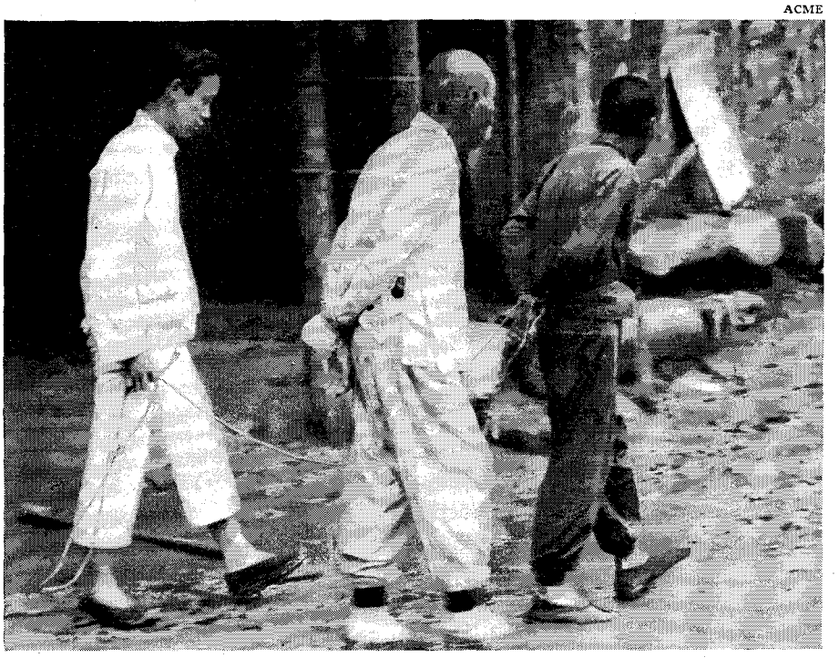
ACME



A SPY CATCHES SPIES. At the left is a Japanese, wearing Chinese clothes. The others, with arms bound, are Chinese whom he trapped and captured after they had engaged in reporting Japanese troop movements

career which has carried him through Princeton and Heidelberg, journalism, the navy, business (he was partner under his philanthropist-father in the R. H. Macy department store), and finally, politics and reform. At Albany, Mr. Straus was particularly concerned with agriculture, taxation and housing.

His interest in public housing increased in 1932, when he developed a now-famous project in the Bronx. Later, in 1935, Mayor LaGuardia sent him abroad to study housing developments. The enthusiastic report he unpacked on his return impressed LaGuardia and President Roosevelt, and added maturity to the then embryonic housing movement which today bears fruit in the new federal program.

Drunken drivers

"IF YOU DRINK, Don't Drive—If You Drive, Don't Drink." Along our highways, this latest slogan warns all motorists as a new $300,000 safety campaign gets under way.

"Drinking and driving," declares Alvin Macauley, president of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association, "is a thing with which the manufacturers have no patience. . . . In view of the rise in accidents from this cause, we will concentrate on just one thing—drunk driving."

Behind this newest ultimatum lie sober facts. This year's traffic fatalities are running 10 per cent higher than in 1936, when death reaped a record-breaking harvest of 36,500 traffic victims. Records show that more drunken drivers are being arrested every year; 1937 will be worse than 1936, when 11.7 per cent more inebriates were arrested than in 1935.

New York figures even shatter the illusion that "drunks have luck": normally, 1 of every 31 accidents is fatal, but if a drunk is at the wheel, the ratio climbs to 1 of 14.

The most surprising fact is that drunken pedestrians are a greater menace than drunken drivers. The National Safety Council, meeting recently in Kansas City, heard that pedestrians not only account for 40 per cent of all fatal accidents (in five states studied), but that 11 per cent of pedestrian victims had been drinking, as against 7 per cent of the drivers.

Faced with such a liquid flow of accidents, safety authorities are replacing haphazard inebriation tests of horse-and-buggy days with scientific tests adapted to the machine age.

In Indiana, repeating "Susie and Sally Simpson sat in the soup," trying to walk a straight line, and telling time, give way to the scientific methods of Dr. Rollo N. Harger's "drunkometer." A suspected drunk inflates a toy rubber balloon. Then his breath is expelled into the "drunkometer"—a glass tube containing a pink mixture of sulphuric acid, permanganate, and water.

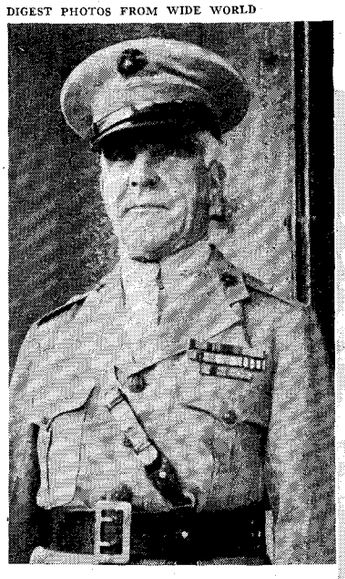
If he is mildly intoxicated, the liquid turns a lighter pink. If it becomes colorless, he's dead drunk—and scientifically, at that.

Brussels conference

THE NATIONS which in February, 1922, signed the famous nine-power treaty at Washington are America, England, France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Japan and China. As a result of President Roosevelt's Chicago speech against aggressor nations, hearty agreement by England, and pressure by the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, these powers meet at Brussels, Belgium, on October 30 for a conference on the war-torn Far East. Here, by request of the Belgian government, is to be rinsed the dirty laundry of Nippon and Nanking. Mediation in the Sino-Japanese war may result.

Our own Secretary Hull sends an American State Department delegation, including Norman H. Davis, Stanley Hornbeck, and J. P. Moffat to the conference. The latter pair are experts on the Far East and western Europe, respectively. Davis himself is America's ambassador-at-large. Aged 59, he hails from Tennessee, and attended Vanderbilt and Stanford Universities. His career began in

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM WIDE WORLD



COMMANDING U. S. Marines: Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont

MARINE SENTRY, noticeably young, one of our 2600 men now stationed at Shanghai, China

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Cuba in 1902, when he went in for international sugar and banking.

After that, he served on numerous business, governmental, and diplomatic missions, some of which interlocked. He has been Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and Under Secretary of State, has attended disarmament and naval conferences as delegate, is an Episcopalian and Democrat whose present home is New York City. He is Uncle Sam's ranking representative anywhere at any time.

Eastern front

THREE Japanese armies operate in North China, as a fourth fights down around Shanghai. The northern three are based on Tientsin in conquered Hopeh province. One has pushed below into Shantung province (whence hailed the sage Confucius); another has moved northwestward through the Nankow Pass to Mongolian Kalgan, then to upper Shansi province; and a third has marched along the Peiping-Hankow railway southwestward. Their triple lines of communication stretch better than 1000 miles.

The Japanese object is hegemony of all North China, down to the Yellow River. Bloody siege work at Shanghai is a mere tactical diversion aimed at a South China commercial and banking solar plexus. Thereabouts, Nippon troops have been less successful than in the north.

At Shanghai, Japanese accuse the Chinese of utilizing French and Russian aircraft, while Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, Methodist wife of the China dictator, declares that the Japanese are using gas, dumdum bullets, and flame-throwers. Prisoners on either side are taken in such insignificant numbers as to hint at wholesale, merciless slaughter.

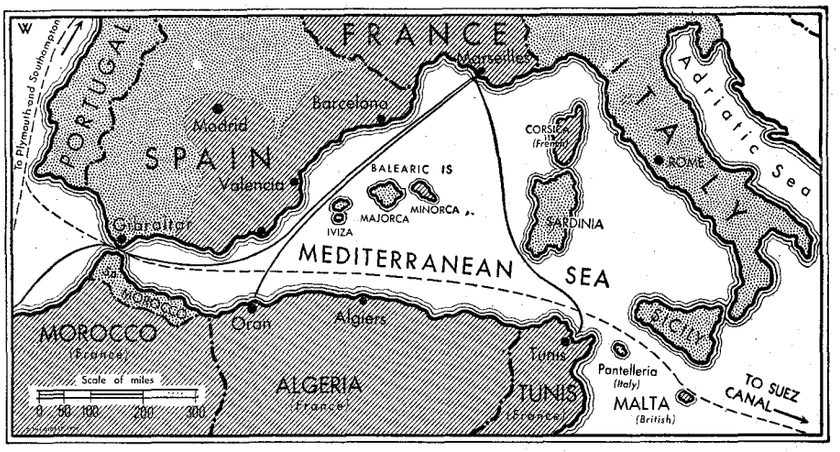
At home Japan sets up an advisory council to assist the regular cabinet. This contains ten men drawn from army, navy, business, and political circles, and the purpose is to unite public and occupational opinion as was done in World War days. Japanese business men and organized labor have been none too enthusiastic over the China venture, regarding it as a big-game hunt of sport-loving militarists.

Meanwhile, Chinese communist guerrillas in critical Shansi province put up a stiffer resistance to Japanese invaders than do most formations of Chinese regulars in the northerly war sectors.

Western front

SIX INTERESTED nations—England, France, Russia, Italy, Germany, and Portugal—last week reshuffled the cards of diplomacy as the Non-Intervention Committee on Spain met in London for the first time since early August. Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and Sweden did not play. They "kibitzed." The stake continued to be foreign domination in Spain, and with it the balance of power in the western Mediterranean—with all it means for England and France.

DIGEST MAP BY R. FOSTER WORTHLEY



MEDITERRANEAN life lines become important in Spain's revolution, now dominated by Italy on the rebel side and by France on the loyalist side. Some weeks ago, Britain and France took the lead in hunting pirate submarines, allegedly Italian, as a result of the nine-power conference at Nyon. Last week it was reported that the island of Minorca might actually be occupied by France and Britain to protect trade routes

Italy's hand held tricks. Mussolini had already won the opening rubber by bluffing France and England into referring the question of foreign "volunteers" back to the "formula-chasing" Non-Intervention Committee, instead of to a three-cornered conference. Italy is now bargaining for the "equal withdrawal" of part of the volunteers from—and the granting of belligerent rights to—both Spanish factions. But Italian "volunteers" outnumber the loyalist International Brigaders by an estimated 2 to 1. A partial and equal withdrawal would thus leave Franco some 20,000 Italian fighters, while Valencia would have none.

Germany, playing a quieter game than usual, turned up a new card. The nazis are now making a "psychic bid"—the end of nazi aid to Franco, if German colonial demands are partially satisfied.

Russia retained her well-worn card: a vociferous anti-Italian, anti-Franco stand. But to observers the diplomatic role of the Russian Bear has dwindled to that of a mouse.

France's bid, a forcing move against Italy, was again to threaten a reopening of her southern frontier to arms and men for loyalist Spain, if Italy refused to withdraw a substantial part of her army from Spain on a proportional instead of an equal basis.

England played along with her French partner so well that Germany mistook them for "two departments in the same ministry." England suggested that she might back France in reopening the southern frontier if Mussolini did not compromise. London also toyed with the idea of a joint Anglo-French naval occupation of loyalist Minorca, a small island in the Balearics off eastern Spain, as a strategic counterweight to the present Italian occupation and alleged fortification of rebel Majorca, largest of the Balearics, lying athwart both French and British Mediterranean "life lines."

Glancing over the shoulders of the players, observers concluded that the current non-intervention game in the British capital would end no more decisively this time than last.

But it now appears that Britain holds trumps, that if the British Lion allows Mussolini to twist its once-mighty tail, there is a purpose in the Lion's madness, that what Berlin considers London's "nebulous attitude" is not accidental.

England believes that by stalling and pursuing the most neutral course among interested powers, she will be the only major power enjoying some good will with both Spanish factions. If, by muddling along, Britain lets the Spanish war run its course—a partial victory or else a stalemate—London expects to be asked to mediate a settlement and, as mediator, settle things to her liking.

Belgium, neutral anew

GERMANY now guarantees Belgian independence and territorial integrity, an announcement of great importance, considering the fateful (and fatal) German invasion of Belgium in 1914. Neutralized Belgium, however, must not permit herself to be used as a base for Anglo-French military operations against the Reich. The catch in the new agreement arises from the fact that the vague phrase "military action directed against Germany" is not defined. (In 1914, Germans accused Belgium of such "unneutral" behavior, thereby justifying their own "scrap of paper" onslaught.)

Trilingual Catholic Belgium became independent of stolid Protestant Holland after 1830, and her "perpetual" neutrality was guaranteed by England, France,

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WIDE WORLD

AUSTRIAN EX-ROYALTY (above) study conditions and sentiment in the United States. Archduke Franz Josef is a distant cousin of pretender Archduke Otto

HOPEFUL of the Austrian throne is handsome Archduke Otto

DIGEST PHOTO FROM PIX

Prussia, Austria, and Russia. Germany scrapped the historic treaty in her World War rush for Paris, and after the war the indignant Belgians became avowed allies of France. They helped France invade the German Ruhr in 1923, and were among the Locarno pact signers of 1925. But last April they dropped France, resuming their old-time neutral position. This step was due largely to indirect influence of the anti-French, pro-German Belgian fascist leader, wild and handsome young Leon Degrelle.

Because of the fire power of modern machine guns, present-day victories can be achieved only by skillful, swift flanking movements. Hence, in case of Franco-German hostilities, Paris or the Ruhr (German industrial nerve-center) should be struck at through northerly Belgium; while Munich or Lyons (French industrial nerve-center) should be hit via southerly Switzerland. By her new pledge, Germany seems to relinquish her customary plan of attack on Paris.

The cardinal point of British foreign policy is a weak Belgium facing the southeastern English coast. To "free" the Netherlands, John Bull has fought the Spanish Armada, Louis XIV, Napoleon, the Kaiser. (Belgian Antwerp was "ogre" Bonaparte's naval base; Belgian Zeebrugge, a dangerous German U-boat center; the Norman Conquest of 1066, launched from hereabouts, is yet remembered.) Hence, Hitler's Belgian pledge gains him Anglo-French good will.

Palestine anniversary

IN THE FALL of 1917, when General Allenby's mobile British armies were knocking on the gates of Jerusalem after routing the Turks, the Allied cause in the western theaters of war was receiving reverses. Astute British Foreign Secretary Lord Balfour, casting about for financial and moral aid for the Allies, attempted to win over world Jewry (then in part neutral or pro-German) and issued the now famous Balfour Declaration. His war government, he declared, "view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." World Jewry, idealistic and heartened by recognition of its fond dream, swung over "to save democracy for the world."

Next week, on November 2, twenty years to the day after the Balfour Declaration, John Bull, having thoroughly considered his Palestine mandate (granted by the League of Nations and America in 1920), is beating a partial retreat, virtually confessing failure in his effort to administer this Maryland-sized state.

The Holy Land, home of 900,000 Arabs and 370,000 Jews between the river Jordan and the Mediterranean Sea, is sacred to 300,000,000 Moslems. Arabs, children of Mohammed, protested vigorously against the Balfour Declaration, accused John Bull of double-dealing, and reminded Downing Street that in 1914 and 1915 it had given anti-Turkish wartime pledges to the Sherif of Mecca respecting Arab sovereignty in Palestine.

But John Bull ignored their plea—and has regretted it since. Arabs, never reconciled to the British act, since then have been in conflict—often bloody—with the Jews, proving to be a lasting embarrassment to the administration. Hot-headed "nazified" young nationalists have carried on a reign of terror against Jews while the British took no action, fearing a Moslem rising. Last year 260 murders, springing from racial and political antagonism, attracted world attention. They caused Edward VIII (as one of his few official acts) to appoint a commission to study Palestine's situation. Thus was born a British-Jewish-Arab triple partition plan (see July 24 number).

Recently the assassination by Arab nationalists of a high British official made the London Lion bare its teeth for the first time since the mandate. Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope, High Commissioner, took drastic action, arrested and deported the Arab High Committee (heroes of the young nationalists); then deposed the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem as president of the Moslem Supreme Council. Last week, however, the Mufti, disguised as a peasant, escaped to neighboring Syria, where he is expected to incite Moslems against British and Jews.

Meanwhile, Mussolini's paper struck out, and Moslem leaders in Ethiopia ironically protested to the League of Nations against alleged British ruthlessness in Palestine.

Latin America

FAR SOUTH the Argentine electoral college, by provinces, has guaranteed to a "rural" tory presidential candidate, Dr. Roberto Ortiz, the six-year office whose incumbent resides in the fancy Casa Rosa, or Pink House, of Buenos Aires.

The defeated "urban" candidate, backed by the powerful Buenos Aires "Tammany Hall" machine, was ex-President Marcelo de Alvear. Alvear was not really defeated, it appeared, for he beat Ortiz in popular votes. The aristocratic electoral college, however, will give the decision to Ortiz by at least 196 to 128 when it meets for its formal balloting in November. There are 376 electors, all told (see September 18 number). Ortiz will continue President Augustin Justo's tory government. He is anti-liberal—candidate of the rich ranch owners.

Our own electoral college chose Hayes over Tilden in 1876, although the defeated one had a popular majority. Here is the true historic parallel; although

ACME

"IT" GIRL of the films, Clara Bow at 32 is still good to look upon. Here she is a guest of honor

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ACME

DUKE AND DUCHESS of Windsor sail next week for the United States. Crowds in Paris and Berlin suggest even larger crowds that await them here

Lincoln (1860) and Wilson (1912) won only by pluralities as three major parties competed.

Meanwhile, in Nicaragua, every Congressman, whether Senator or Deputy, will donate 25 per cent of his salary for 13 months—to buy the government an airplane. "Liberal" Dictator Anastasio Somoza is glad to get this new weapon. He has 650,000 Amerind "citizens," and an area the size of New York state.

Nicaragua is a banana republic par excellence. Uncle Sam owns a prospective canal route through her territory, a Pacific naval base at Fonseca Bay, and Corn Island on the Atlantic end. Nicaraguan regimes are militaristic (theoretically), clerical, and red-baiting; yet flea-like General Sandino once gave our leatherneck marines nearly as much trouble as the Germans at Chateau Thierry.

President Somoza's new airplane can bomb primitive local "Conservative" revolutions out of existence. Hence his gratitude to Congress—47 of whose 67 members are his pals.

History repeats

Herr General Emil Kleber, commander of the loyalist International Brigade in the "Spanish" civil war, has served in Austrian, Russian, Chinese, and Canadian armies at one time or another. The "Spanish" loyalist flier, Major Frederick Lord, served the United States, Canada, Russia, Mexico, and in Central America. In Spain herself, rebel Germans, Italians, Moors, and Irish fight against loyalist Germans, Italians, French, British, Americans, Poles, and Russians.

But it is all an old story. At the famous Anglo-Irish Battle of the Boyne, in 1690, the "English" army was commanded by a Dutchman and a German. It included Dutch, Danes, Finns, Prussians, French Huguenots, Irish Orangemen. The opposing "Irish" army was half French.

The "English" second in command was gallant old Fritz Schomberg. He had held high positions previously in the French, Dutch, Swedish, Prussian, and Portuguese armies. He was born in Heidelberg, and perished in England's Boyne victory.

Died

Alceo Dossena, 55, Italian sculptor, who unwittingly helped to perpetrate one of the greatest frauds in art because of his genius for copying old masters; his works when sold as genuine antiques brought more than $2,000,000.

David Alexander Lyle, 92, Colonel, U. S. Army, retired; inventor of the Lyle gun, widely used in lifesaving work.

Warren Milton Persons, 59, professor of economics at Harvard, author and statistician whose methods form the basis for the Federal Reserve Board index of industrial production.

Robert Underwood Johnson, 84, poet, editor, director of the Hall of Fame at New York University, and former Ambassador to Italy; called "unofficial poet laureate of the United States."

Bernhard Dernburg, 72, Imperial Colonial Secretary of the German Empire under Kaiser Wilhelm II; war publicist in 1914, with headquarters in New York.

William H. Meadowcroft, 84, aid to Thomas A. Edison for 50 years, his private secretary for 21.

Joseph Bruce Ismay, 74, former head of the White Star Line and former president of the International Mercantile Marine Company.

Frank Morley, 77, professor emeritus of mathematics at Johns Hopkins University; father of three Rhodes scholars, including Christopher Morley.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Archbishop Edward Mooney deserves the thanks of all lovers of peace and quiet. Owing to his splendid work, Father Coughlin is to be silent for twenty-six weeks over a nation-wide network.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

British cinemas are visited by something like 30,000,000 people every week. And most of them file past us at the most thrilling moment of the film.—*Punch (London).*

Mussolini is reported bothered by a slight attack of grippe. If he doesn't know what to do for his cold, we suggest he exercise violently enough to get up a sweat, then drink a quart of ice water and sit in a draft.—*Tampa Tribune.*

John Lewis is organizing workers in the Treasury. If he wants control of the Treasury, he'd better hurry or there won't be anything left.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Babies, rather than vegetables or grain, are the prize yield this year of Uncle Sam's Matanuska Valley colony in Alaska. Perhaps the natives proudly refer to it as a "romper crop."—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

The farmer doesn't need any timepiece to tell him when it's dinner time on Sunday. His yard is full of city relatives' cars.—*Buffalo News.*

Getting ready for winter nowadays is a pretty complex process, what with changing to winter grease, getting in the non-freeze solution, and so forth. "In my day, it was simpler," says an elderly reader from New England. "We scalded out the bean pot, and started up the buckwheat batter, and we were all set."—*Kansas City Star.*

Explorers of that lofty island in the Arizona sky came across two mice and some arrow chips, but no trace of current pork prices.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Forty-one Americans had net incomes of over a million in 1935, Mr. Morgenthau announces, a gain of eight over 1934. If it was this year we'd say four of 'em were porterhouse steak speculators and the other four radio ventriloquists and their dummies.—*H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.*

Critics of the Administration assert the change in our foreign policy is too abrupt to be sincere. Suspicious Republicans scent a third-term movement glorifyng the slogan: "He kept us out of neutrality."—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

Since the people have voted twice to keep Uncle Sam out of the League of Nations show, it would be humiliating to find him crawling under the tent.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

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P R O —— C O N

Was the President's Chicago speech a move toward peace?

MR. ROOSEVELT speaks an old-fashioned language: international law, morality, the sanctity of treaties. The abuse of these phrases by hypocrites has brought them into disrepute. But the world stands in greater need than ever if their application to civilization is to be preserved.

—New York Post

The President did not speak as an alarmist. Nor did he shake the mailed fist at those countries which apparently are bent on a rule-or-ruin international policy whose effects this nation cannot escape. It is indeed high time, as the President declared, that the 90 per cent of the world that still believes in ideals warn the 10 per cent that have gone far enough in their threats against the peace-loving majority.

—Miami Herald

Mr. Roosevelt must be accorded full credit for his emphatically expressed resolve to keep this country out of war. But the perils implicit in any punitive partnership with nations that have interests, and in some cases, possibly, motives different from ours, should cause our government to watch its step and be wary of the pitfalls that beset the path of the aggressive peacemaker, however well-intentioned.

—Philadelphia Inquirer

In any effort that does not involve the United States in active hostilities or commit us to a dangerous course of action, public opinion in this country will heartily support the President. This Chicago utterance says forcibly things which need saying and is a warning which should be uttered. It shows the President at his best.

—Los Angeles Times

There is no mistaking the President's meaning. He did not mince words in proclaiming the determination of the United States to *act* as well as speak in demanding that other nations live up to the treaties and keep the promises they have made to refrain from unwarranted aggression. He did not beat around the bush. He spoke straight from the shoulder, disdaining the diplomatic practice of concealing his thoughts in a mass of words.

—Denver Post

Even if somehow the United States could manage to keep aloof from another struggle, the breakdown of the world's economic life and political and moral stability would wreak profound injury upon us. This all presidents since the World War have known.

President Roosevelt has now undertaken to make the circumstances clear to the American people by revealing to them the terrible realities of the situation and by proposing, without evasion, a program of coöperative action.

—Washington Post

We believe the American people may now be more nearly ready to take the part in the world which, as the President said, they cannot escape. Their interest in economic stability, in human rights, in free government, in moral standards, is no less than their national or territorial interests in the Pacific. The President's speech gave voice to that great interest.

—Christian Science Monitor

MR. ROOSEVELT seems to hope that the mere threat of a boycott will bring the aggressor nations to their senses. It may. Again it may not. Japan will not easily be beaten to her knees, and the threat of a boycott may only serve to inflame the patriotic ardor of the Japanese. If the boycott is adopted and doesn't work; if, while it is in progress, Japan's conquest continues, then what will Mr. Roosevelt do? The moment came when Mr. Wilson found himself with no alternative but war. Does not Mr. Roosevelt's policy invite the coming of the day when he, too, will have no alternative but resort to arms?

—Chicago Tribune

The mantle of Woodrow Wilson lay on the shoulders of Franklin Roosevelt when he spoke in Chicago. It may be true that the "very foundations of civilization are seriously threatened." But this time, Mr. President, Americans will not be stampeded into going 3000 miles across the water to save them. Crusade, if you must, but, for the sake of several millions of American mothers, confine your crusades to the continental limits of America!

—Boston Herald

President Roosevelt lashed out at gangster nations in the fiercest speech he has made since his famous "I hate war" barrage. But then this president who "hates war" went on to say: "There must be positive endeavors to preserve peace. The peace-loving nations must take a concerted action. There is no escape through mere isolation or neutrality."

Once more we stand, with a president who says, "I hate war," between the devil and the deep blue sea—in a world that is not safe for suckers. And not long ago we heard Legionnaires saying, "Never again."

—New York Daily Mirror

We may have to fight for our peace. If we do, we will. But that is no argument for becoming now involved in any way in measures leading to alliances or associations—military, naval or economic—that may commit us to an unreversible sequence of steps that may take us again into foreign war—at least without taking this people into much more confidence than is displayed in this collection of warlike hints.

—Hugh S. Johnson in *New York World-Telegram*

Did Mr. Roosevelt intend to indicate, as it is apparently believed in some quarters, that the United States will join powers and, by contributing police work in the Far East and the Mediterranean, try to "quarantine" aggressor nations? Or does the President desire to encourage Great Britain and France to follow a more determined course in Europe and Asia, while standing on this nation's policy of isolation?

—Chattanooga Times

In one breath the President reprehends certain conduct, but in another he asserts in effect that the United States is determined not to become involved in foreign wars. That is a good deal like the outcry of a schoolmarm, shrieking to bad boys that they must not do thus and so, at the same time avowing her firm intention never to subject them to the indignity of the rod.

—Baltimore Sun

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RACKET-RIDER

THOMAS E. DEWEY

WIDE WORLD

HARD-HITTING prosecutor, most dreaded foe of New York's recently powerful underworld

THE SMALL-TOWN BOY who made good in the big city—that's Thomas Edmund Dewey.

Already the most dramatically successful, the most brightly spotlighted prosecutor in the United States, the man who caught the toughest racketeers in New York and locked them up tight while their mobs were swarming out of the city as from the Black Death, the future invites him to even more dizzy eminence.

On November 2, unless some perverse miracle halts his momentum, he will be elected District Attorney of New York County. That will mean that for the first time since William Travers Jerome, a quarter of a century ago, a first-class fighting champion occupies that crucial office. And without detailed or odious comparisons, Dewey should go miles farther as a Manhattan house-cleaner than Jerome ever did.

Dewey, of course, might be licked for District Attorney. Tammany is clawing and snarling desperately to bring this to pass as decisively as it can. Even defeat, however, wouldn't be likely to stop Dewey. He already has had the build-up and his capacity for public service is unquestionable. Personally, he is superbly available. He is young and attractive, placidly married, with two fine little sons, quick, wholesome, self-confident, Middle Western, a cousin—remote—of Admiral Dewey of Manila Bay, intuitively sensitive to the right moment and the memorable gesture, his nerves in balance and a horse for work. What more could you ask?

It happens just at present that New York Republicanism is painfully short on leadership. Few of the young Republicans visible in the state rate more than ordinary; no other can rival Dewey in all-around qualifications. Assume now for the argument's sake that he will be elected. It is no prophecy to say his term as District Attorney would be brilliant. That is a foregone conclusion. His nomination for governor in all likelihood would follow in 1940, would be imperative in 1942. And that, if all goes well, makes the Republican National Convention of 1944 a very significant date in the calendar of Thomas E. Dewey.

All the foregoing, to be sure, is mere fancy so long as the brickbats still are flying in a bitter election fight. But it is anything except fantastic.

Dewey today is the best example in America of the country lad who crashed through all the doors of the metropolis. His rise is such stuff as dreams are made of. Swiftly, rightly, and with ease, Dewey has soared.

Millions of boys had his sort of start. He was born March 24, 1902, at Owosso, Michigan. His father had the town newspaper and the boy hung around the shop and worked the job press a little, milked the cow, loafed on the grass in the front yard, was fairly good at football, finished the town high school at 17. On to Ann Arbor he went, sang in the university glee club and next came to New York for law school at Columbia. Work as a soloist in an Episcopal choir helped with expenses.

When at last in 1925, only a dozen years ago, he was turned into the world, a law graduate among some 20,000 lawyers already in New York City, it would have been hard indeed to find any special reason to salute him as upon the threshold of a great career.

The things that have come to him are the stuff of a boy's daydreams, the things that look so easy until tried, the individual incidents that string together so logically, one step at a time, if only they can be brought to pass. He got a job in a downtown law office, worked a bit at Republican politics and became chairman of the Young Republican Club. Next he transferred to another office and a better job, and, in handling a law case with an older lawyer from outside, he made a very favorable impression. That lawyer was George Z. Medalie, soon appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, probably the most active prosecuting office in the country. Mr. Medalie called in young Dewey, just 29, and made him his chief assistant.

KEYSTONE

SMILE that has become more rare as years add to his responsibility

Progress continued. Dewey proved a top-notcher at executive detail, and in his own right as chief assistant he was assigned to prosecute several cases of importance. He won them. The technique of proceeding against big racketeers criminally for failure to file income tax returns was just coming into use, and Dewey became an expert at it.

He sent to jail for tax violation a notorious grafting policeman, a Tammany district leader, and two gangsters who were kings respectively of the artichoke and policy rackets.

Dewey's greatest fame, however, and the start of his reputation as a big-game hunter, came with the "Waxey" Gordon case. Waxey, a one-time East Side watch stealer, had made himself a beer baron. He fought and schemed through the beer wars of middle prohibition, took over two huge breweries in open operation at Paterson and Union City, New Jersey, sup-

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THREE PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

HEIR to "Dutch" Schultz's policy racket, J. Richard Davis, lawyer

CONVICTED: Paul Coulcher, left, and Harry Vogelstein, active members of the restaurant racket gang. This racket, one of the most daring revealed by Dewey's investigation, victimized Jack Dempsey

plied a greater part of northern Jersey and New York City with their prohibition beer, lived in grandiose style, was angel to a Broadway revue, owned two or three hotels, was several times a millionaire.

Waxey dwelt on a plane above the law. He had the effrontery to pay exactly $10.76 as his income tax for 1930. The next year, sensing that the Government might have felt disappointed in him, he came across with a couple of thousand. But that $10.76 rankled. Young Assistant United States Attorney Dewey, before the end of 1931, was set on Waxey Gordon's trail.

It was tedious, hunting down hundreds of frightened, unwilling witnesses, going through thousands of subpoenaed account books, but in the spring of 1933 Dewey indicted his man. Waxey by that time was Public Enemy No. 1.

At the trial Dewey proved that the racketeer had collected more than $2,000,000 a year from beer alone, owed the Government more than $1,000,000 in taxes. Gordon was found guilty and sentenced to ten years and a fine of $80,000. It was Dewey's own personal triumph. To top it off, Mr. Medalie just then resigned and for a month's interim Dewey served with full rank and title as United States Attorney, the youngest in the country.

THE next year, 1934, Dewey was busy at his private law practice and his income jumped to around $50,000. Late spring, 1935, brought forth the famous "Runaway Grand Jury." It was the regular Grand Jury for the March term which suddenly got excited about racketeers and lost all patience with the District Attorney because he didn't dig up evidence against them. It all simmered down in June to public insistence upon the Governor's appointment of a special anti-racket prosecutor, to specific demand for Dewey to perform the job and to the launching, July 30, 1935, of what is now the famous Dewey investigation.

A racket is what? It is a phrase of our times applied without much discrimination to almost any illegal business. Dewey has narrowed it down in his own definition to mean "the regular extortion of moneys from business men, workers, and others by bullets, force, terror and fear."

New York, probably more than most cities in the morning-after of prohibition, was crawling with racketeers, like a damp cellar with spiders. Dewey swept them out, stepped on them, disinfected the premises. He put seventy-three of them on trial, convicted seventy-two.

When Dewey began, the notorious "Dutch" Schultz was the most touted, feared, and insolent racketeer in the East. Schultz unfortunately was assassinated before the prosecutions got under way, leaving his gang, however, to carry on at their old lucrative employment, principally in the restaurant and policy rackets.

Dewey prosecuted seven of these higher-up restaurant racketeers last spring —four officials of waiters' unions, three operators of a dubious cafe-owners' protective association.

The insiders used the unions to create labor troubles by which to intimidate the owners into joining the association. It cost $250 to join; monthly dues were $5, with shakedowns on the side. One chain was taken for $46,500, and extortions of around $10,000 were frequent. The labor leaders individually took money from the restaurant owners, and the racketeers made grafting assessments

WIDE WORLD

"LUCKY" Luciano, overlord of vice, found Arkansas no sanctuary

BEER BARON "Waxey" Gordon staked his profits in many rackets

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upon union funds. For three years the bright lights section was stirred up by arbitrary picketing, window smashing, mice in the soup and threats of murder. Collections came to about $2,000,000. Dewey sent all seven racketeers to the penitentiary.

PROSECUTOR Dewey in person directed an inclusive raid on policy offices last January and brought in seventy persons. They were the comptrollers, accountants, and collectors, accustomed to piecemeal raids and fines from the magistrates. But Dewey did not prosecute them. He made them his witnesses. In July, he indicted a dozen of the big-shots, including a lawyer who is hiding out now with a reward of $5,000 offered for him, a distinction he shares with the pair whom Dewey calls the leading industrial racketeers of the country, the legendary "Lepke" Buckhalter and "Gurrah" Shapiro. Most of the policy defendants, indeed, are fugitives, but their crooked racket has been disorganized.

Most spectacular of all Dewey's trials was that against the vice racket, starring that overweening personality, Charlie ("Lucky") Luciano, with Tommy ("The Bull") Pennochio and Little Davie Betillo in supporting roles, and a chorus of some seventy drabs and madams headed by "Cokey Flo" Brown.

Ordinary prostitution was one thing which Dewey was leaving to the police. But as his investigators dug into the other rackets, they found that prostitution in New York was no longer ordinary but had been organized on a chain-store basis which, under pressure from thugs, was channeling off the profits to a holding corporation. Gross revenue was perhaps $1,000,000 every month. Dewey again went after the higher-ups, using the small people merely as witnesses. He extradited "Lucky" from Arkansas after outsmarting the expensive defense lawyers by long-distance telephone, and sent him and his whole gang to the penitentiary.

BIG SHOT Little Davie Betillo, jailed by Dewey on vice charges

PHOTOS FROM ACME

BUMPER BAIL of $300,000 holds Max Silverman, described by police as a racketeer, and named in connection with bakery racket

Now, criminals of this breed were hard to get. They kept no account books, worked out of sight, scared their victims into silence, and would have killed with pleasure anyone who interfered. Dewey succeeded where a hundred others all over the country had failed, and he did it not by oblique income-tax prosecution, but by crushing the giants under old-fashioned common law crimes, such as grand larceny, extortion, assault and battery, usury, and compulsory prostitution. He did it on an annual appropriation of less than a third of the District Attorney's budget. How did he do it?

The answer is twofold—his clear analysis of his problem and his own personality.

At the start he knew his formula and announced it. "Crime cannot be investigated under a spotlight," he said. "Sensational raids and arrests without months of quiet and painstaking preparation in advance result in nothing but acquittals in court."

He insisted upon having a special Grand Jury, a special term of court presided over by an incorruptible judge, his own picked staff of young non-political lawyers, accountants, and detectives, and personal freedom from all strings. He promised that no one who gave information should be molested. So far, no one has been except a single witness now in the hospital from gunshot, and that man refused police protection. Dewey himself has a policeman for his chauffeur, otherwise he takes his own chances. The prosecutor aimed at the top men, disregarded the puppets and stooges. Great has been his publicity, but his work has been a true iceberg, nine-tenths invisible.

Dewey himself is the rest of the story. His figure is short, slight, boyish. But he is one of the little men who must triumph because his spirit flares up and drives him ahead. He is high-handed when he needs to be, confidential as a lover when there's something he wants. He excites violent antagonism and abject surrender, a bit of both from many associates.

His free-swinging, hair-trigger mind takes its jumps with no hesitation at fences. He plunges into his telephone interruptions without an "Excuse me" or "Hello." His decision picks the direct road to what he is driving at before an assistant has finished asking. His speeches click with his own phrases.

Overtopping the rest of his qualities is his high dramatic talent. Nothing on the stage could exceed his nonchalance as opposing counsel denounce him or the weight of his tones as he outlines to a jury the case he intends to prove. His magnificent voice rolls and lulls and reverberates. He would have made a superlative actor—indeed, is. And his eyes are charged with magnetism. They enlarge, as his interest mounts, into complete caricatures of eyes, but their grip holds. The man, in short, is extremely able. I think he is just starting.—*George Britt.*

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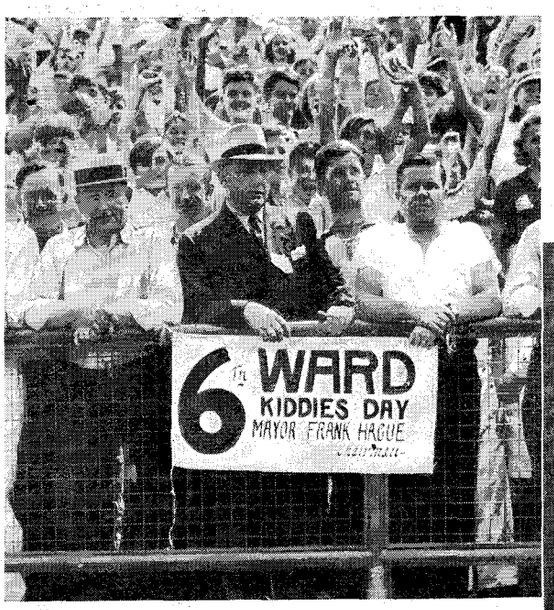
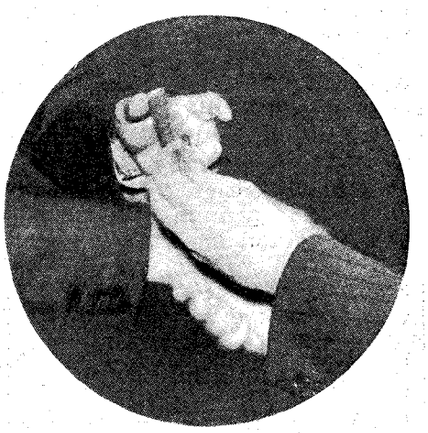
POLITICS BEGINS



BREAD AND CIRCUSES—the lady at the right receives a welcome box of groceries and the 6th Ward entertains its voters for a month with daily ball games: boys and girls admitted free

FINDING JOBS for constituents who are looking for employment is part of the political leader's daily routine, his most important economic function

CIGAR changes hands, and at the same time a vote stays put



TOP HATS and cutaways lend dignity to the decorous cortege of a political funeral

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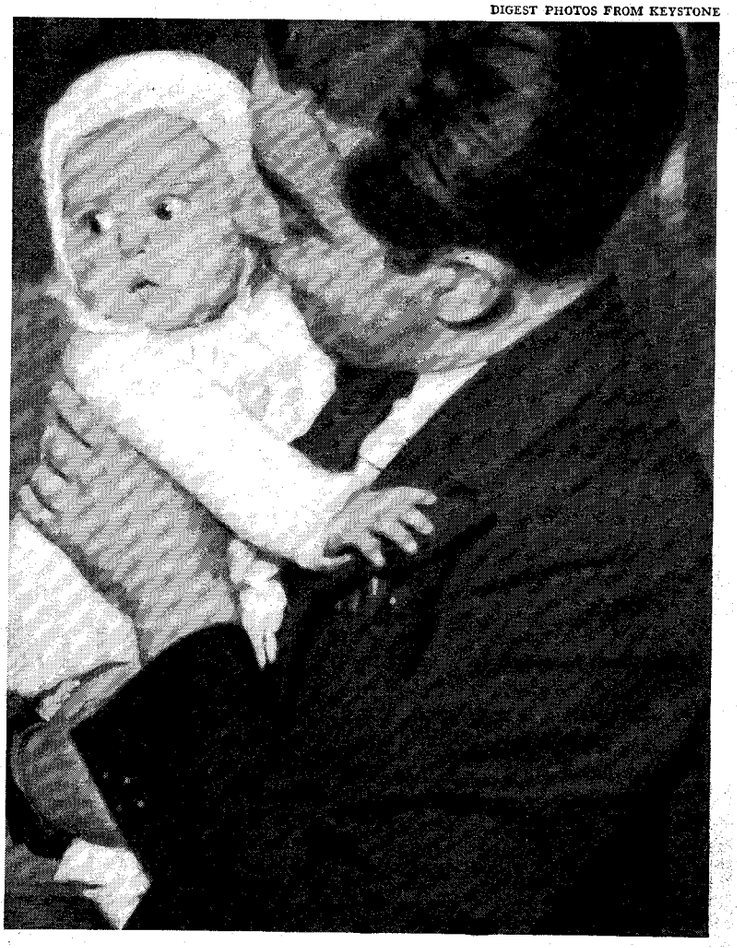
AT HOME

NOVEMBER, traditionally the month of elections in the United States, is harvest time for the neighborhood statesman, as well as for his bigger brethren of state and national stature. To the ultra-pure, of course, there are no neighborhood statesmen; there are only "ward bosses," "ward heelers," "petty political spoilsmen," strange and reprehensible characters who pass all their waking hours in a whirl of evil activities, buying votes, misleading and intimidating voters, demoralizing law-enforcement agencies, padding registration lists, falsifying election returns.

However this may fit the sub-average, it is a naïvely inaccurate conception of the average neighborhood statesman, who, however, usually pays no attention to it whatever. For he knows that, more truly than many a world-known Duce or Fuehrer, he is genuinely a leader of his people, be he ward committeeman or precinct captain. His constituents, he could tell you, would be the worse for the lack of his guidance, his assistance, his charity. For them, he knows, he is a shield against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. He rejoices at their weddings, grieves at their funerals, advises them in domestic difficulties, gets them jobs and fuel and medical care when these essentials are desperately necessary, and performs a thousand other functions, legitimate and valuable.

Whether or not these activities are properly the business of government is open to question: that they keep the machines in power is certain.

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM KEYSTONE



KISSING BABIES is a time-honored procedure. The baby looks suspicious, but it can't vote yet and its parents can

OLDER WOMEN appreciate the courteous attention of a personal escort to the polls

ROUNDING up newcomers to the district for registration is highly important, for, unless registered, they cannot vote in the next election

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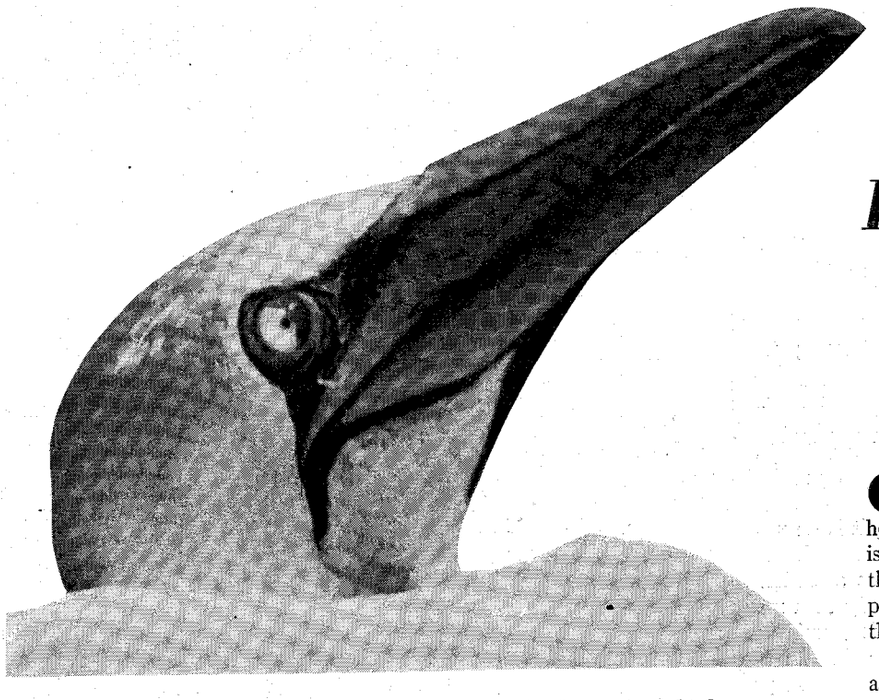
DEEP SEA ROCKET

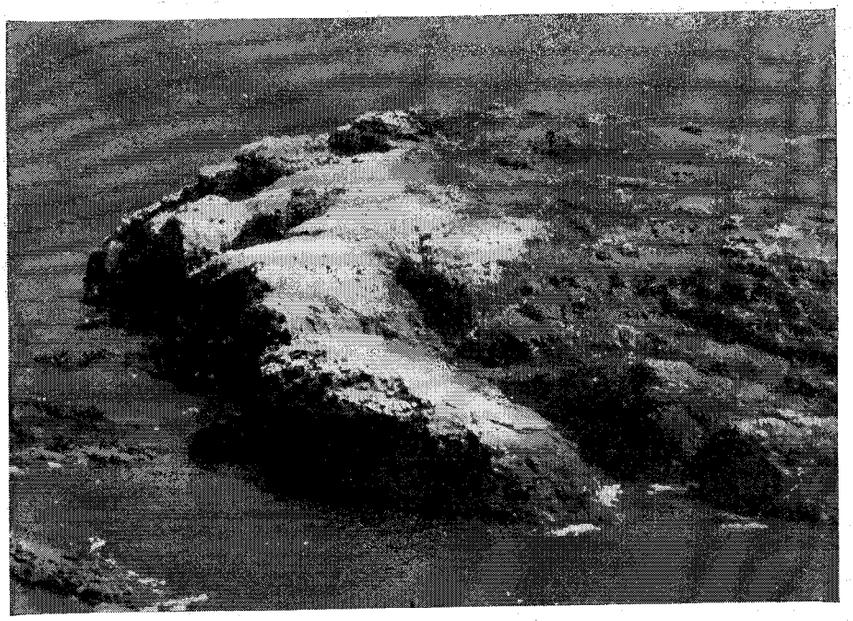


VIKING of the North Atlantic, the gannet is the finest of sea birds

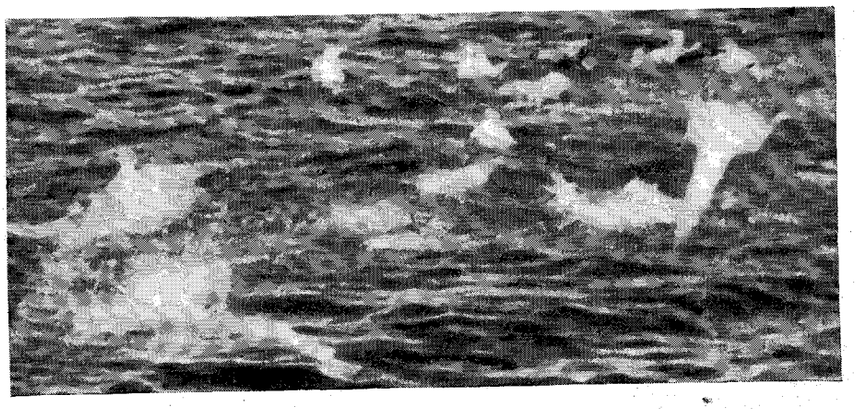
OFF the coast of South Wales lies the wind-swept little island of Grassholm. Man has never lived there, but the island has a flourishing population none the less, for it is the favorite breeding-place of the gannet—handsomest bird of the North Atlantic.

Grassholm's rocky slopes are difficult of access, but visiting ornithologists are richly rewarded, for one can stand upon a peak above the colony and look down on no less than two acres of flashing white birds—some eleven thousand of them—crowded over their nests or rising in the air for their fishing forays. So remote are their breeding-places that the gannets show no fear of man, a fact immeasurably helpful to the motion-picture crew which recently made a pictorial record of the birds' life.

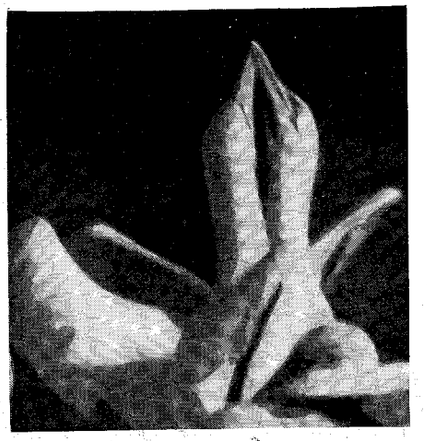
Gannets hatch only one egg each year and probably live 50 years or more. It is estimated that more than 156,000 gannets breed on Grassholm and in the 19 smaller colonies scattered on coastal islands near Iceland, Ireland, and Newfoundland. Known as the solan goose in the days when he was served as a royal dish for Scottish kings, the gannet has snow-white plumage, tinged with gold on neck and crown, in contrast with the brilliant silver iris of his fierce eye.



THICK AS SNOW, the birds mass on the bare slopes of Grassholm Island



DIVING from mid-air like a rocket, the gannet always gets his fish



MATING birds express emotion by prolonged ceremonial billing, their long beaks clicking like rapiers

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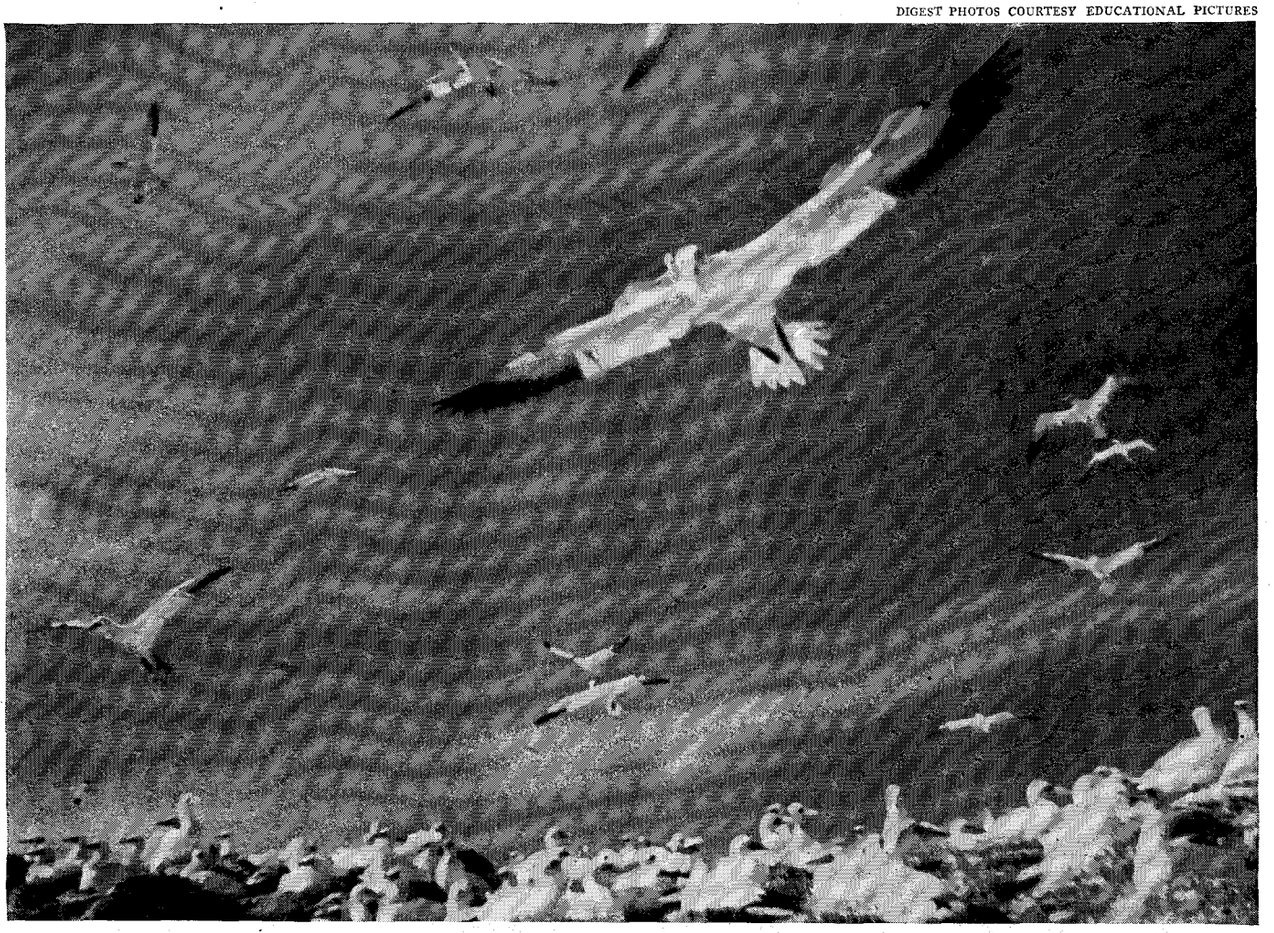
DIGEST PHOTOS COURTESY EDUCATIONAL PICTURES

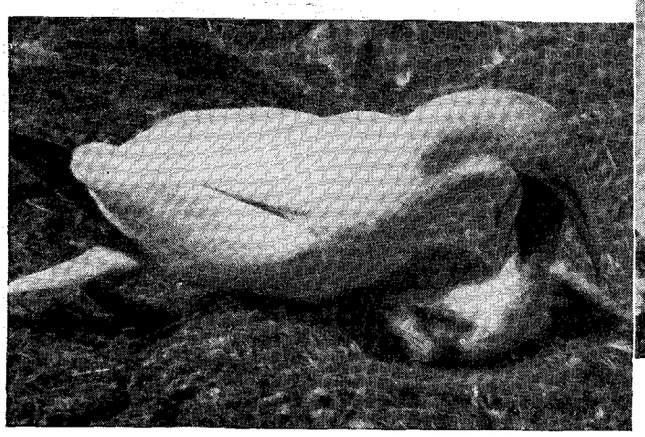


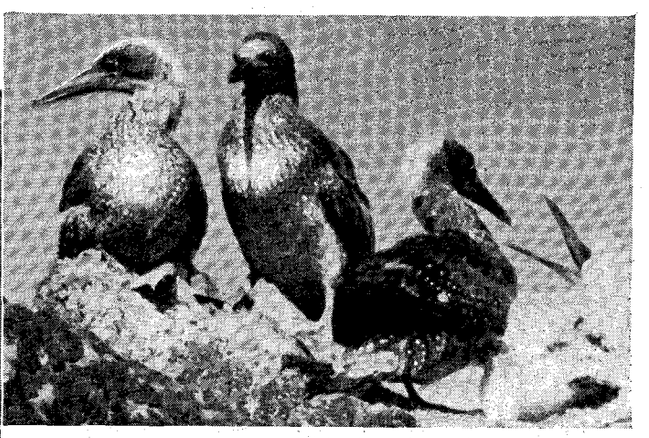
WING-SPREAD of six feet, and the most uncanny sense of direction known to man, enable the gannet to return over thousands of miles of sea to his home rock

He is the most spectacular fisherman in the world, dropping from mid-air like a stone, straight into the sea, for his catch. He dives deep as well as straight (fishnets have caught gannets 100 feet down) and fishermen have learned where the fish are running by watching the angle and height of these amazing dives. With tireless wings, stretching six feet from tip to tip, gannets are perfectly constructed for diving. Unlike most birds, they can see directly forward; thus they more easily locate schools of fish in the cloudy water below. They can draw a protecting sheath over their eyes, and their nostrils are grown over so that no water can enter. Air sacs beneath the skin of the neck and breast are inflated in flight and break the shock of their terrific plunges, and the strong bluish beak has a tooth of horn to hold the slippery fish when caught.

Sea gulls are the natural enemies of the gannets, not only because they steal their eggs, but because they rob them of baby chicks. Storms at sea are, of course, a constant hazard, and floating oil from ships takes a high toll. On the other hand, these splendid birds have little to fear from man (now that tinned meat has reached the remote islands where gannets used to be eaten), and there is the nice incident of 1930, when fire threatened to sweep over Grassholm, destroying the nests, and a cruiser squadron of the Royal Navy, maneuvering near by, extinguished the flames after a three days' battle.

FEEDING-TIME! Mother Gannet alarmingly seems to swallow her baby as she pumps up fish from her crop





ENORMOUS BEAKS protect young gannets during the four months of growth from white puffballs to mature birds

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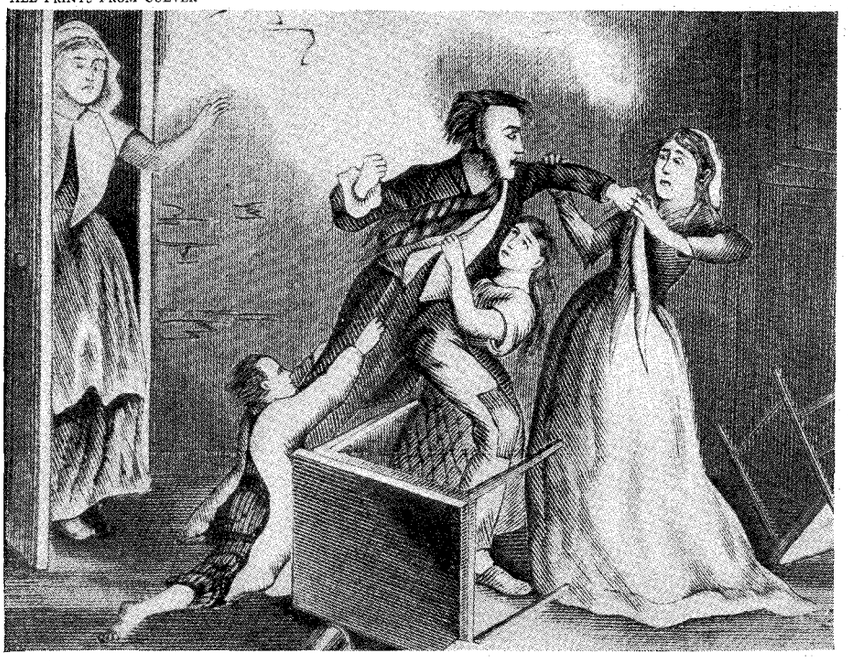
ALL PRINTS FROM CULVER



1868—"TEN NIGHTS in a Barroom" dramatized fearsomely the evils of drink

FOUR YEARS OF REPEAL

ONE afternoon in December, 1933, a Mr. S. R. Turman cast his vote for Repeal in Salt Lake City, and the United States, which had been legally dry for fourteen years, became legally wet. It was as simple as that. Less than twenty minutes after Mr. Turman voted, the Acting Secretary of State in Washington signed and sealed the proclamation which ended Prohibition. Vintners went back to their wine-making; distilleries opened up throughout the country, and the brewers' big horses, only stage props now but nostalgic ones, went clopping down Main Street again.

Four years have passed since Utah's historic vote for Repeal was cast. In those four years the liquor industry has grown from scratch to one of the most important and, in the revenue-producing sense, one of the largest in the country. A dry's-eye view is that it is back to all its old iniquities. A wet's-eye view is that it is circumscribed, chastened, and wiser. Probably no one will ever be quite satisfied with the liquor industry. That is implicit in its nature. But here are the facts, as the industry stands today:

With Repeal, approximately one million people went back to work, making wine, beer and distilled spirits, bottles and barrels; transporting, selling and serving liquor and advertising it. Innumerable industries indirectly connected with liquor, such as printing, building, and machinery-making, received a sharp stimulus.

With Repeal also, sorely needed tax money started to roll into the public coffers. Since 1933 more than two billion dollars in liquor taxes has gone into national, state and local treasuries. Taxes and imposts for 1936 alone netted the federal government $612,581,879 and the state governments $264,350,783. This is 133 per cent more for the federal government and 1272 per cent more for the state governments than they realized in the pre-Prohibition year of 1916.

From the standpoint of public finances, therefore, Repeal must be set down as a boon.

On the other hand, the ease with which liquor can be made has raised the specter of overproduction in the distilling branch of the industry and is causing uneasiness in some quarters. Figures tell the story.

WHEN Repeal became effective four years ago, there were seven distilleries operating legally in this country, turning out a small amount of alcohol for medicinal and industrial uses. Three years later there were 121 distilleries producing whisky by the tens of millions of gallons. Last year they produced 245,477,486 gallons. This year, if the record for the early months is maintained, they will again produce more than 200,000,000 gallons.

In other words, almost a half billion gallons of whisky alone—to say nothing of rum, gin, brandy and other distilled spirits—have been produced in the past two years. That is about four gallons for every man, woman, and child in the country—or, in terms of drinks, almost a drink a day for mamma, papa, and each of the babies in every home in the country. And this is only domestic whisky. It does not take into account the imports, or, of course, wines and beer.

Do Americans drink that much? They do not. Ever since Repeal the consumption has been increasing, but it does not approximate the amount produced. We

1874—INTEMPERANCE characterized the demonstrations of the good ladies who were swept along in the temperance crusade of the 70's

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drank last year about seventy-five million gallons of whisky and about 118,948,729 gallons of all distilled spirits, including whisky. With the population of the wet states numbering about 118,793,000, this means that each individual in those areas consumed during the year approximately one gallon of distilled spirits, and about two-thirds of that gallon was whisky. Production, on the other hand, amounted to approximately 2 1/3 gallons per person in the wet areas, or almost three times as much as was consumed.

What's happening to the surplus? Most of it is going into bonded warehouses to be aged in charred white-oak casks for four years and then put on the market as bonded whisky. Indeed, last year the distillers put 91 per cent of their product in storage, meeting current demands with older stocks. And every year since Repeal they have stored surpluses so that by the end of this year there will be almost a half billion gallons of whisky in bonded warehouses. That is almost a quarter billion more gallons than were stored in the peak pre-Prohibition year of 1914. Some day it must find a market.

It should be noted here that because a bonded whisky must age at least four years before it may be sold as such, the supply of bonded whisky this year and next is relatively small. It is in 1939 and 1940 that the huge surpluses will move into the market.

THREE distinct groups are greatly concerned with this situation.

The first is the distilling industry itself, which is, of course, concerned first with marketing its product at a profit, and second with keeping the country temperate enough so that the drys cannot return us to Prohibition. To achieve the first objective, it hailed the passage in Congress' last session of the Miller-Tydings bill which makes price maintenance legally permissible in 42 states. That may mean a legal check on dumping, even though the supply does greatly exceed the demand. And to maintain temperance, their second objective, some of the distillers are drumming away on the temperance theme in their advertising.

Seagram's has based a long-range advertising campaign on these themes: "Drinking and driving don't mix"; "Whisky is a luxury"; "We don't want bread money." Calvert's reminds its customers that Calvert bottles have corks. Owsley Brown, board chairman of the Distilled Spirits Institute, recently said in a public statement: "Distillers, more than any other class, are believers in and advocates of true temperance. The drunkard is the worst enemy that our business has or can have."

From within, then, the more thoughtful members of the industry watch the surpluses accumulate, using persuasion and legislation to check the danger implicit in those surpluses.

From without, two forces labor to check the industry: governmental regulatory bodies on the one hand, and the drys on the other.

The regulations laid down by municipalities, counties, states and by the national government for the handling and sale of liquor would fill a thick volume.

THE Federal Alcohol Administration's rulings are especially stringent as regards advertising. They prohibit the use of phrases indicating that a given product is made under scientific conditions, that it has any healthful effect whatever, or is any better than any competing product, or, indeed, any less harmful. Beyond these stipulated rulings, moreover, the Federal Alcohol Administrator, W. S. Alexander, has indicated what he *feels* should not appear in liquor advertising; and the liquor industry, in its relations with the Federal Alcohol Administration, generally operates on a word-to-the-wise basis. It listened with more than respect, therefore, when Mr. Alexander said last spring:

"It is my personal feeling that the radio should not be used in any manner

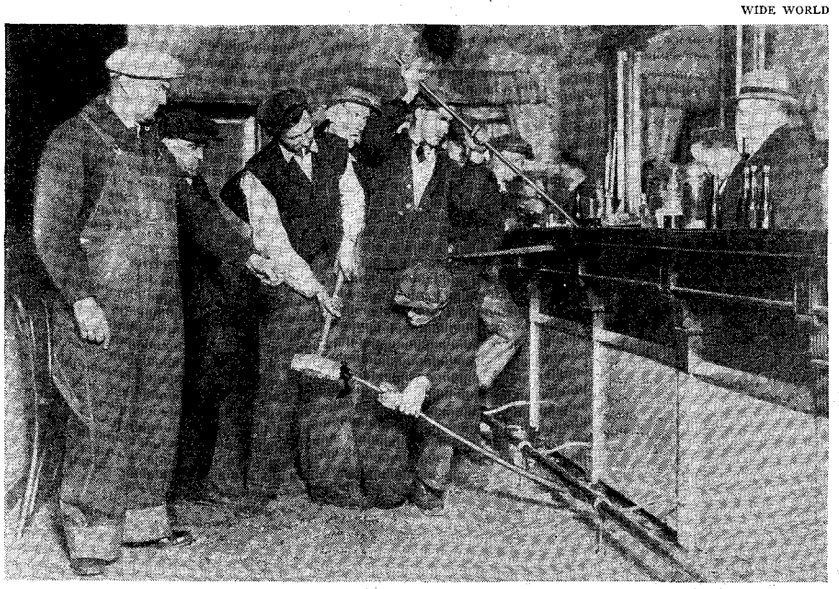
MODERN BREWER

WHICH NEEDS IT MOST?
PAY ENVELOPE
SALOON KEEPER
HOME MAKER
For the Money Represented by
Three Ten Cent Drinks a Day For a Year
Any Grocer in Your Town Will Give You the Following Groceries:
15 Fifty-pound Sacks of Flour
20 Bushels Potatoes
100 Pounds Granulated Sugar
10 Pounds Salt
50 Pounds Butter
20 Pounds Rice
50 Pounds Oat Flakes
25 Pounds Coffee
3 Pounds Tea
50 Cans Tomatoes
10 Dozen Oranges
20 Dozen Bananas
50 Cans Corn
25 Pounds Beans
100 Cakes Soap
1 Pound Pepper
4 Gallons Molasses
20 Gallons Oil
And There Would Be ENOUGH MONEY LEFT To Buy a Good Present For Your Wife and Babies

1896—FATHER'S better nature and his family's needs was the appeal

1937—TECHNIQUES have not changed, though the appeal is now to youth

WIDE WORLD



1928—PROHIBITION enforcement in this decade was as violent as, if less emotional than, the earlier efforts of the temperance workers

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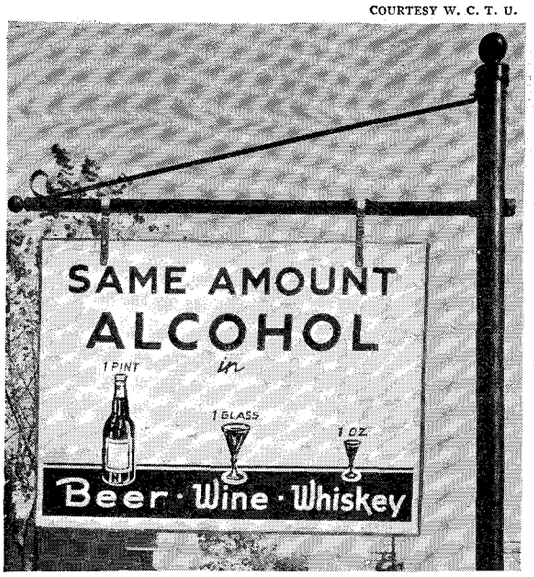
COURTESY W. C. T. U.



1937—WCTU street sign shows in graphic, if perhaps ambiguous, terms, various alcoholic contents

as an advertising medium for distilled spirits, wines or malt beverages; that no liquor advertising material of any character should appear in Sunday newspapers or in the magazine sections of Sunday papers; that no advertising material of any character should contain pictures, drawings, caricatures of women, children or religious subjects or insignia, or of barroom scenes; and that no advertising material should refer directly or indirectly to the food value or health-giving qualities, if any, of alcoholic beverages."

Where the FAA leaves off regulating advertising, the states begin. The state of Washington insists that liquor advertising must be conservative and dignified in appearance and tone and must contain no illustration of or reference to Santa Claus, biblical personages, Father Time or the Easter bunny.

VIRGINIA bans every kind of outdoor poster advertising. Such newspaper advertising as it permits is hedged about with enormous restrictions. Facsimiles of bottles can be no larger than the bottles themselves and no more than three facsimiles can appear in one advertisement.

The copy relating to proof, age, brand name, and so forth, can be in no larger type than that appearing on the bottle label; italics and other means of emphasis are forbidden; and recipes, whether they are attached to the bottle or not, may not be reproduced in an advertisement. These are only a few of Virginia's restrictions.

Most states have banned the saloon—the President specifically requested this at the time of Repeal—and more lately the "salon." Some states require that you sit while you drink, and others that you eat if you drink. Some permit the sale of liquor only in sealed containers,—no drinking with your meals except at home, in other words. Some states permit window displays and others do not; some permit signs, but prohibit their illumination on Sunday. Others prohibit signs entirely. Nearly all require that the interiors of premises where liquor is sold be clearly visible from the street.

New Jersey's liquor administrator added a piquant note to his state's regulations recently when he ruled that magicians who materialize cocktails out of silk hats and magicians' assistants who pass around those cocktails must have a state license, magic or no magic.

Many states specifically prohibit direct-mail advertising and advertising which appeals to children, uses them for illustration, or which appears near schools or places where children are likely to gather. Some states prohibit the use of radio entirely while others permit radio advertising of wines and beers only.

Counties and municipalities frequently add their own special regulations to the state and federal lists. In Wake County, North Carolina, the drys, beaten at the polls, virtually took over control of the liquor stores and are doing their fighting now in the enemy's trenches. One dealer announced the opening of his store thus:

"It is not our business to see how much liquor we can sell. In fact, we are going to see how little we can sell. A big crowd and a lot of customers on opening day are just what we do not want." The Alcohol Board of Control in neighboring Edgecombe and Pitt counties ordered all liquor stores to remove their liquor posters and substitute large pictures of General Robert E. Lee with the quotation: ". . . abstinence from spirituous liquors is the best safeguard to morals and health." Virginia's Anti-Saloon League supplied the posters.

Some 17 states now operate or control retail outlets for liquor, and in these states regulations are even more stringent than in those where federal regulation alone prevails. The general attitude is that the liquor industry is a dog with a bad name but a watchful master.

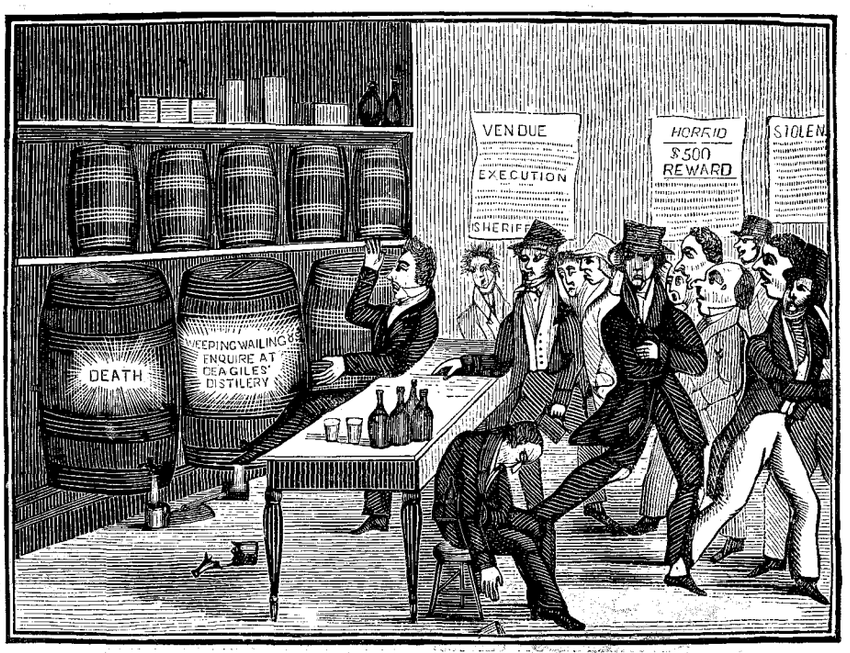
Still, the ABC boards constitute a great force, acceptable to the industry as well as to the public, in insuring that we have legal liquor, and that, having it, we are not demoralized by it.

The third force operating to check the liquor industry is the dry movement. Organized in 43 states now, the drys are actively working not to stem the flow of liquor but to abolish it. They are advertising by newspapers, radio, billboard and poster. They are pushing local option in the wet states, so that about one-eighth of the population in 31 states still lives "dry."

They have kept five states dry in the face of national Repeal and overwhelming local odds; and they have never ceased to believe that one day Prohibition will be restored. Hammering away on the contention that automobile accidents and crime have sharply increased since Repeal—a contention denied by the Distilled Spirits Institute—they are working assiduously to return us to legal aridity.

If the public is largely indifferent at this moment to the drys, the liquor industry is not. It remembers too acutely that January morning in 1920 when the bootlegger took over.

In this, the fourth year of its rebirth, the industry has the bitter experience of the twenties to draw on, and it walks with circumspection.—*Isabelle Keating*



1840—HORRID effect of drink as shown in a pamphlet of the period

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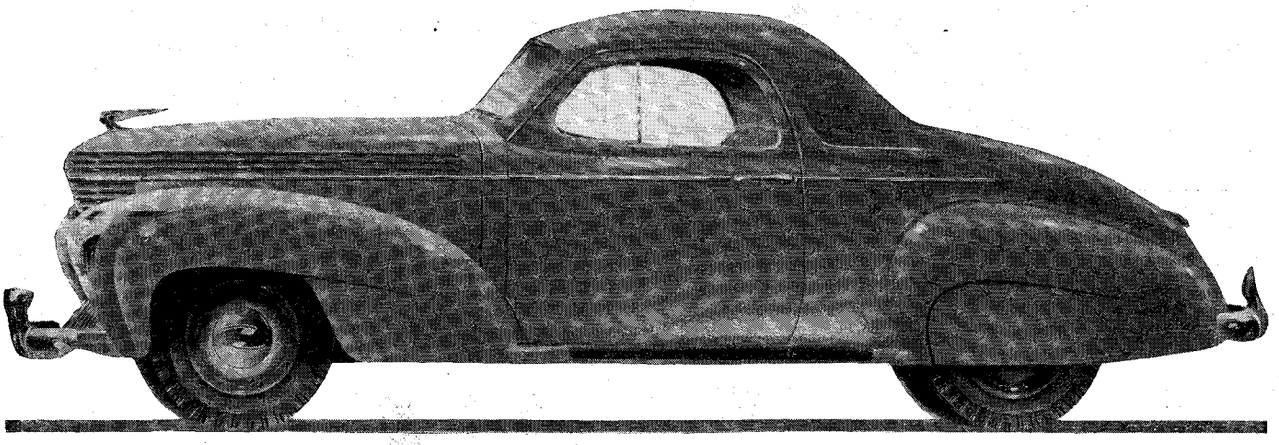


GRAHAM presents a car that, jackrabbit-like, always looks as if it were about to leap ahead. Headlights, no longer separate, are absorbed by the fenders. The gear-shift, powered by the vacuum of the motor, can also be manually operated

AUTO SHOW

SPEEDOMETER of the automobile industry, the National Automobile Show opens its throttle in New York City on October 27. Exhibited to prospective buyers, to those who would like to buy if they could, to the curious, will be 20 American cars, 3 foreign.

For wanderlusting folk will be shown 15 makes of trailers, ranging in price from $600 to the extent of one's purse. Business men will eye, besides the pleasure cars, seven makes of trucks. All will scan the numberless accessories offered to supplement the already numberless gadgets built into the cars.

Stressed this year will be safety—not only in the cars, but in the drivers. The New York show will feature a "Safety Clinic" on driver-testing, which is under the auspices of the Automotive Safety Foundation and the Harvard Bureau for Street Traffic Research. Last year, 15,000 persons took the tests; this year, with increased testing capacity, there is expected a much larger number. More than 300,000 are expected to attend the show.

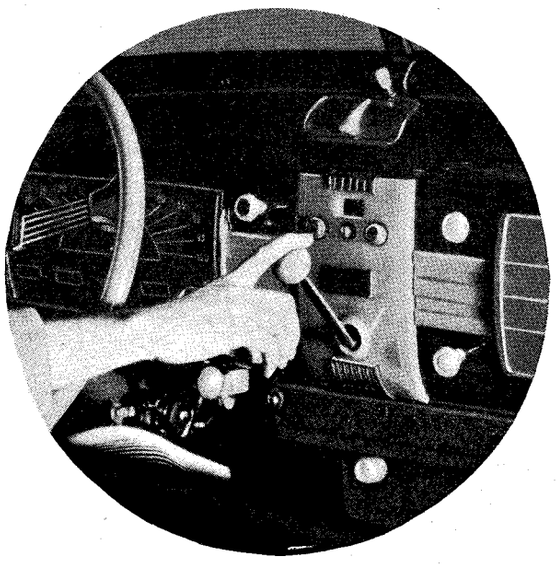
Every year each manufacturer has proclaimed the safety of his car. This year each backs his contention with a concrete advance in safety engineering. Bigger brakes, more flexible motors, more sturdy bodies and frames, snag-proof handles and buttons, automatic transmissions, new types of springs—including one car with coil springs in the rear, front seats with padded backs to protect rear-seat passengers in sudden stops, easier clutches—all these are built into the new models to further safety—and to meet competition.

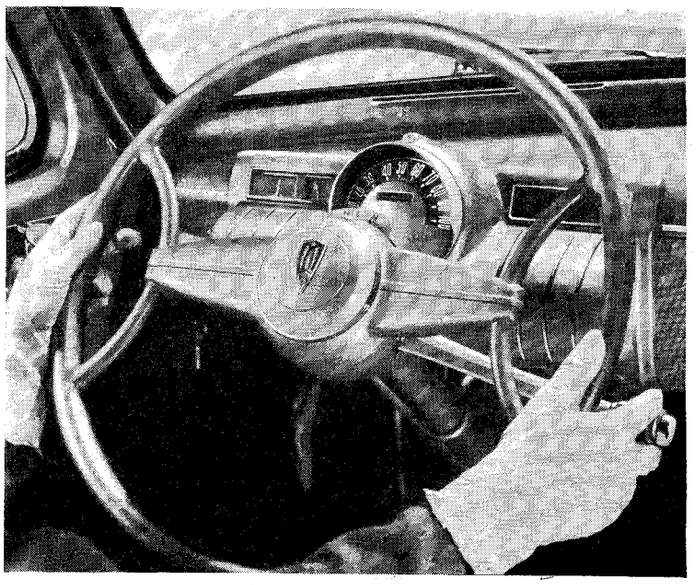
Cadillac boasts a completely new and much lighter 16-cylinder motor for its largest model. It is also putting out a new and unconventional series known as the "60," which has no running boards and sets very low on the road. Both La Salle and Cadillac have placed the gear-shift lever on the steering post, as has Pontiac.

Chrysler claims, for all its models—Chrysler, De Soto, Dodge, and Plymouth—a host of refinements in bodies, motors, transmissions, brakes.

Packard has replaced the 120 series with a new Packard "8." Springs of a new type are used for all models.

NASH, housing-minded, has added a conditioned-air unit to its cars. The device, located under the singer gear-shift, warms, purifies, and circulates the air





OLDSMOBILE and Buick, looking to the feminine trade, use the full automatic gear-shift, which requires but the flick of a finger. Some other makes employ semi-automatic shifts

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A WEEKLY DIGEST *of the best in print*

READING

Football is Worth While — **"Bernie" Bierman**
From "Winning Football"

War and the Junkman — **Herman P. Kopplemann**
From "Dynamic America"

Super-Streamlined Man — **A Feature**
From "Natural History"

Imperial Discipline — **Gleb Botkin**
From "The Woman Who Rose Again"

"Dear Mr. Milkman" — **Robert W. Desmond**
From "Christian Science Monitor"

Snapping the Civil War — **Elmo Scott Watson**
From "The Quill"

Artist and Alderman — **Thomas Benton**
From "An Artist in America"

Jobs for Beavers — **A Feature**
From "Field and Stream"

Duties of a Resident Spy — **A. Vishinsky**
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Teeth Rings — **A Feature**
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Rights for Dad — **A Feature**
From "Parents Magazine"

Riding on Cotton — **A Feature**
From "This Week"

Newspapers • Magazines • Books

Football is Worth While

From "Winning Football"

By "Bernie" Bierman

SOME people, to my mind, are disposed to exaggerate the benefits a school may derive from a well-conducted football program. These well-meaning souls will tell you that successful football builds up enrollment, brings in rich endowments or legislative appropriations, or makes for intense alumni loyalty.

Personally, I don't think football has much more effect upon the well-being of an institution than high-class achievement in other fields of college activity. Colleges or universities do not rise or fall with their football teams.

There are, however, some concrete things that a sound football program can do for some institutions. It may bring in revenue, for instance, that is used to support other forms of athletic endeavor—perhaps the entire athletic program. The money thus supplied might not be available from other sources. If the program is worth while, then the institution is benefited accordingly. Successful football may influence some men to supply favorite institutions with funds and I also believe that it stimulates alumni loyalty to a degree.

The effects of a football program on an institution, at least, are favorable, not unfavorable.

Of course, if the game is to continue to be of real worth to any person or group, those connected with it must battle without cessation for the high ideals that have made it so important a factor in American life. The game is in that critical era where more and more encroachments are attempting to lower its standards. Such problems as those created by subsidizing of athletes, gambling and drinking at games must be met and solved.

There is definitely a physical as well as a mental side to our modern life, and the physical is being emphasized more each day—not to supplant the mental side, but as an adjunct to those who work with their minds. The demand is for men and women who can teach young and old America alike how to play as well as work, and, in that sense, those trained in athletics have a distinct place in the scene of today. In fact, the promise of a fuller life through more leisure demands their presence. Their training should be encouraged.

Regardless of all that, I'm convinced that the paying of athletes is on the decline and that intercollegiate athletics are now more than 85 per cent clean, wholesome, and according to professed standards. In our annual stock-taking, however, which comes usually at the tag end of the football season, the general public might well get the idea that the reverse is true.

Probably the heart of all problems is the fact that football is big. Because it is big, and thrilling, it becomes a major subject for conversation and publicity, at least in the fall of the year. Some people have the habit of deriding everything that is big. The inside of a vast carcass, they feel, must be spotted with decay and corruption. Of course, that isn't necessarily true, and, with a more sane attitude seemingly springing up toward the game, many folks will be brought to that realization within the next few years.

And so, football will go on, a tremendous influence for good in American life and a constant inspiration to American youth. I have no apologies to make for the game nor any for being a part of it. I'm proud to have played the game and more proud now of being a humble instrument to help other boys to play the game well. And when I say "play well," I mean, PLAY TO WIN. (McGraw-Hill, $2.50)

War and the Junkman

From "Dynamic America"

By Herman P. Kopplemann

THE junk heap has come into its own. Old bedsprings, kitchen utensils, automobile parts, boilers, pumps, pipes—even old tin cans—long discarded, decomposing in a dump heap, are now being resurrected and carefully stored away. The housewife who used to throw away the odds and ends which cluttered up her home is now receiving money from the junk peddler for them. Train cars, long idle in the yards, are now filled to the brim with junk, waiting for freighters to carry them abroad.

Nothing is being thrown away today. There is use for it. For war is being made the world over, and war can put junk to good use.

The export market is clamoring for scrap iron and scrap steel. Countries preparing for war need them. Japan and Italy are our best customers.

The rearmament programs of foreign nations have caused a metal shortage. A newspaper reports that metal fittings are even being stolen from empty houses and sold to scrap-iron dealers. That is a new racket.

A caldron is seething in the Mediterranean; another in the Pacific. How far they will spread remains to be seen. But

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AROUND THE WORLD

the tragic, the shameful fact, is that in the years and months gone by, continuing today, and probably continuing indefinitely unless Congress acts, the materials to prepare and start this trouble have gone forth from all parts of the United States to nations that we knew were not wanting it entirely for peaceful economic development.

We have reached the situation in this country where the domestic market in scrap iron and steel is so seriously threatened with depletion that, according to certain estimates, within 30 years our supply will be exhausted unless we stop immediately the huge exports of scrap which are leaving this country weekly for consignment to militantly-minded nations across the Atlantic and Pacific.

The foreign war market is bringing higher prices for our scrap iron and steel. As a consequence, domestic manufacturers are paying more for what they consume. But who ultimately pays the cost? Not the manufacturer, but the consumer, whether he is buying an automobile or whether it is the housewife buying household implements. Actually, the American consumer is being taxed to help foreign nations plan their campaigns of war. Who knows but that the American consumer is being taxed to provide the very ammunition which may come back at us at some future date in a most unpleasant form?

Super-Streamlined Man

From "Natural History"

NO MAN has ever run a hundred yards in less than a little over 9 seconds, which is at an average speed of about 22 miles an hour, and this with spiked shoes on a special track. Spiked shoes enable the sprinter to run appreciably faster than he can barefoot; and by fixing steel blades to his feet, the ice skater can travel faster than the fleetest runner, but, surprisingly, only three or four miles an hour faster.

The greatest velocity at which a man has ever traveled under his own power on a level track is, to my knowledge, on a bicycle. In 1928, in Paris, Vanderstuyft attained the almost incredible speed of 75 miles an hour; but this was possible only directly in the wake of a speeding motorcycle which considerably lessened the air resistance.

With all the advantages of mechanical ability, man has only within the present generation approached the speed of some of the lower animals. It is not improbable that an exhaustive study of the mechanism of birds and insects may point the way toward much higher speeds in planes by discovering all the mechanical principles involved.

Perhaps we had better not commit ourselves as to whether it is the superior streamline, or extraordinary wing strength or merely the knack of knowing how to use their wings that gives some insects their speed. Science has yet to solve this riddle. So far the insects may be ahead, but man has only recently spread his wings—and the sky is the limit.

Imperial Discipline

From "The Woman Who Rose Again"

By Gleb Botkin

THE discipline in the Imperial Russian family was much stricter than in most families, even of the aristocracy. I had been taught from my childhood that few things are so unattractive, especially in children and youths, as a slovenly bearing. In daytime I hardly dared to look at beds, couches and other furniture meant for physical relaxation; it was only ailing ladies or very old people, so I was told, who could permit themselves to lie down or recline in the middle of the day. Young people were supposed to stand erect and sit upright, keep their arms and legs in place, and otherwise attract no attention to themselves—especially unfavorable.

I obeyed all such rules as best I could, and among our other friends had no cause for feeling at all ashamed of my manners. But among the children of the sovereigns I became immediately and painfully aware of my own awkwardness and my lack of proper training.

They always held themselves as erect as soldiers on parade. Yet they never appeared strained, artificial, or in the least affected. Their poses, their movements, their gestures were natural and free as though innate, which indeed they were. Besides, they had been trained from so early an age that even their acquired manners had become second nature to them.

They had also been brought up in the clear understanding that such homage and respect as was rendered them, was due to their status as children of the Emperor and not merely as persons; and because of their status they had to be particularly careful not to give offense to other people. Dignified they were—extremely so—but with a dignity completely unconscious, and for this very reason the more impressive.

Indeed, their modesty was at times excessive and led to embarrassing incidents. I remember the disappointment of my brother, Dimitriy, after his first ball in his new capacity as chamber page. He had hoped so much to dance with the Grand Duchesses, but they had given no indication that they wanted to dance with him and he had not dared to invite them. And on the following morning Grand Duchess Olga said to my father:

"I was waiting for Dimitriy to invite me for a dance, but he didn't; and he dances so well."

I never heard any of them make a direct request. They knew that to the members of their entourage their requests meant commands, and they did not want to give commands. They had, therefore,

CARTOON OF THE WEEK—A burnt child shuns fire.—*The Daily Mirror, New York*

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The anti-Marx Brothers give their Berlin first night. — *De Groene Amsterdammer*

the habit of asking for things in a most indirect way, as if expressing an abstract and rather timid hope. Often enough, the person to whom the request happened to be addressed failed to guess that it was through him that such a hope was expected to materialize. (Revell, $3.00)

"Dear Mr. Milkman"

From "Christian Science Monitor"

By Robert W. Desmond

ONE of the most amusing aspects of the milkman's job is the matter of notes in bottles! Many a housewife writes almost a daily note to the milkman. Nothing very intimate or revealing, as a rule, but through these notes, none the less, the milkman gains a knowledge of his customers, their habits and their eccentricities.

Most notes to the milkman are in some semblance of English, but a fair number are in Italian, German, or even Chinese—and the milkman rarely fails to decipher them. That qualifies him as a linguist. Especially because he also deals, face to face, with various nationalities in making deliveries and collections.

Usually the notes are pretty matter-of-fact. "No milk Wednesday," "Please leave half pint *heavy* cream. Thanks," "1 qt B and ½ pt light cream," "½ lb butter"—that sort of thing. But some are more amusing, or draft the milkman into some other role, occasionally. He may be asked to knock on the door to awaken someone who has an early appointment, or who doesn't want to risk oversleeping. He may be asked to let the cat in, or keep the cat out.

He may be asked to move a trunk. Many a note of appreciation reaches the milk companies because of the faithful service of the milkman.

One route man found a note on an old envelope, and inside the envelope was a $50 bill, left there by mistake; he returned it and won a faithful customer. A note directed the milkman: "Please leave one glass of cottage cheese and please put it in the icebox under the stoop. The dog ate up the last glass."

Some of the pseudo-English notes are phonetically written. "Pliyz, milkman, Nak unoldo whyan Puddy milk," said one. It was a mere nothing for an experienced milkman to translate that, "Please, milkman, knock on the door when you put (leave) milk." Another requested some "Smool sweit Krim eggstra," meaning, presumably, "some sweet cream extra."

Another bottle note read: "My dear Mr. Milkman: Please do not leave us the usual two bottles of milk, not even one, none in fact. In other words No Milk." It seemed clear what that correspondent meant, but another note indicated some slight confusion in reporting, "Found bottle with cream missing, please, another in exchange."

Customers are polite and considerate of the milkman's feelings. One housewife informed him, with obvious regret, "I do not want any more milk delivered to my house beginning with Tuesday, until further notice. I hope there is no hard feeling. Thank you for past favors, I am, yours truly."

Another explains, "Please do not leave milk until further notice as I eat out so much I cannot use it."

A man of ability, patience, faithfulness and stamina—that is the milkman—your milkman. He is also a diplomat, a man of friendly temperament, polite, considerate, because he must be all of these things to deal successfully with men, women and children, and to represent his company in a way that will win it respect as well as patronage.

Snapping the Civil War

From "The Quill"

By Elmo Scott Watson

MATHEW B. BRADY was the first camera man in history to "cover" a war. When he died he left several thousand pictures which, from the Battle of Bull Run in 1861 to the hanging of the conspirators in the assassination of President Lincoln in 1865, tell the story of the greatest civil war in history—not through the faltering tongue of man, but through the infallible eye of the camera.

Brady chose a career of privation and danger on the battlefields of the Civil War to record for posterity that great conflict.

He fitted up a canvas-covered wagon to carry his equipment and to serve as his darkroom in the field. In it he had to make his own emulsion with which to coat the large glass plates which were his negatives. In this wagon he traveled everywhere—with Farragut on the Mississippi, with Sherman into Georgia, and with a score of other Union generals. His wagon was a familiar sight everywhere in the theater of war.

Considering the handicaps under which he worked—the bulky equipment necessary for taking the pictures, the tedious process of developing the easily-broken glass negatives and all the rest—his achievement is all the more remarkable. There is a certain "stiffness" about some of his pictures because his subjects had to hold their pose for several seconds; otherwise countenances would have been so blurred as to be indistinguishable.

Lack of high-speed lenses also made "action pictures," such as we have today, out of the question. But for all that, Brady's pictures are singularly filled with "life" and they make the past vivid as no drawing or painting could do.

He was at Gettysburg immediately after the battle and his pictures of the fields outside that little Pennsylvania town strewn with the dead of both sides tell a graphic story of the horror of war. The same is true of his pictures taken after the battle of Antietam and half a dozen other sanguinary encounters.

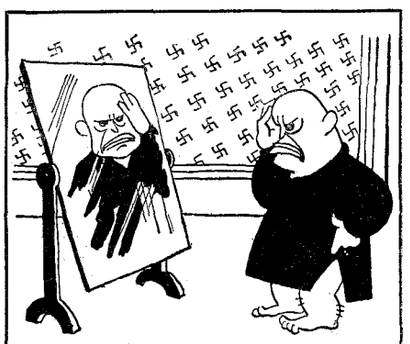
Artist and Alderman

From "An Artist in America"

By Thomas Benton

ONE day, after I had known Denny, the criminal lawyer, for a long time, he came into my studio and announced enthusiastically that he had found a way for me to turn up a lot of dough. I was to go over to a certain Tammany club, he explained, and introduce myself as the artist commissioned to do the portrait of Benny, the new alderman—who had had his instructions and would sit for me. I was to make a good snappy portrait, for the club had agreed to buy it. If such a precedent were set, Tammany would ask me to memorialize all its chiefs.

I regarded this proposition with my tongue in my cheek, but I didn't want to



"What did he mean when he called me his great Aryan blond?" —*Le Canard Enchaîné, Paris*

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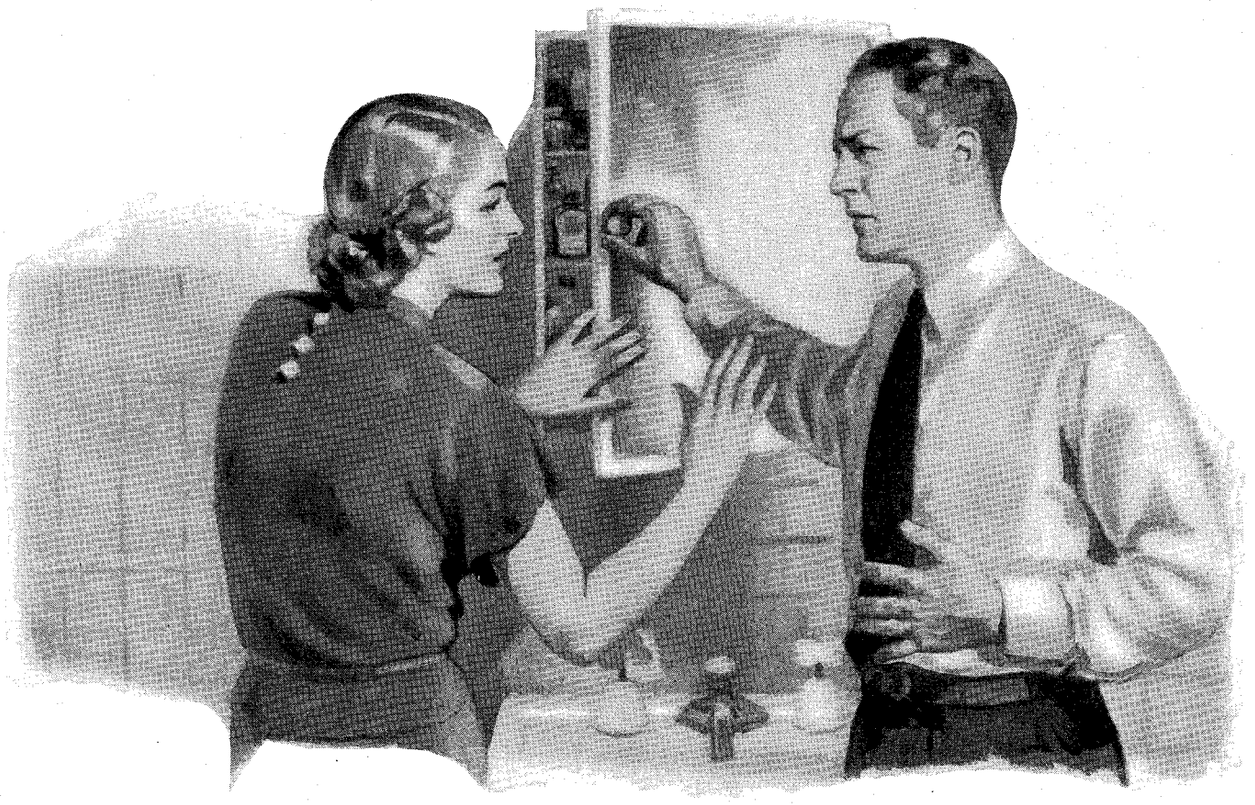
"Don't take Medicine— maybe it's APPENDICITIS"



APPENDICITIS is taking American lives at the rate of one every thirty-one minutes, day and night, week in and week out. Self-treatment often contributes to this loss of valuable human life, for appendicitis may be a relatively simple illness.

Many deaths from appendicitis could be prevented if, whenever an abdominal pain persists, everyone would follow these three simple rules:

1. *Do not take a laxative, solid food, or medicine of any kind.*
2. *Stay quietly in bed.*
3. *Call a doctor.*

Acute inflammation of the appendix is almost always accompanied by a persistent pain and tenderness in the abdomen. Contrary to common belief, the pain rarely begins in the lower right side, although after some hours it usually settles there. It may be accompanied by fever or nausea, or both. Of course, not all intestinal discomfort is caused by appendicitis, but anyone who has a severe, persistent abdominal pain needs the prompt attention of a competent physician.

In cases of acute appendicitis any kind of laxative is dangerous, because it increases intestinal activity and may induce peritonitis, the dreaded and sometimes fatal complication. Even if the pain suddenly subsides, no one but a doctor can tell whether or not an operation is necessary.

During his diagnosis, the doctor often finds it necessary to make blood counts and to observe the patient's temperature over a period of time. He may say that the attack can be relieved without operating, or he may order an operation immediately.

Delay in calling a doctor is dangerous. When an appendix operation is promptly performed by a skilled surgeon, it is generally successful. Authorities agree that if everyone observed the three simple rules which appear above, many of the sixteen to eighteen thousand deaths from appendicitis which occur in the United States each year could be avoided.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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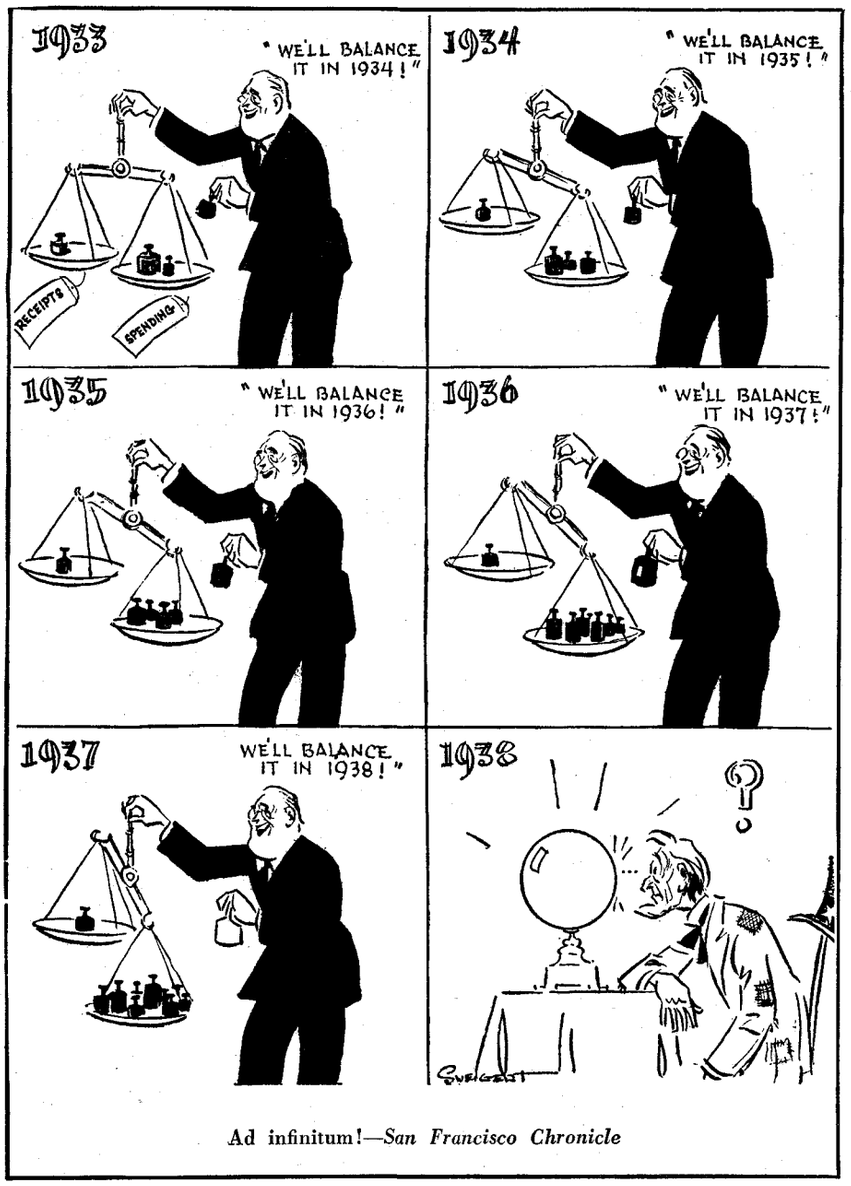

Ad infinitum!—*San Francisco Chronicle*

offend my legal friend or spurn his generous effort to help me along, so I took my painting outfit the next day and went to the club as directed.

A short kinky-haired fellow disengaged himself from the circle there and took me by the arm. I resisted. "Say, buddy," I said, talking loud but trying to be friendly, "if it's the alderman I'm to make the picture of, let's get a look at him. I can't paint if it gets dark. Denny told me everything was fixed for me here." Sensing its potency, I stressed the lawyer's name.

The circle of men parted and out came the very prince of young aldermen, the very archetype of young Tammany schemers. Benny, the neighborhood political genius, took me off my feet. He was *it,* so thoroughly, so completely, that without my eyes to show me I shouldn't have believed him real. He was immaculately dressed. His swank derby was cocked at the exactly correct aldermanic angle. His broken, flattened nose was squashed over his fat lips and his uptilted cigar was a silent cock's crow to the world.

"Hello there." He extended his hand with a grand good-humored air of patronage. "So you're Denny's boy. Well, anything I can do for Denny goes easy with me. Wot's your name?"

"Benton." I ignored his lofty manner for the magnificence of his style. "Denny told me," I went on, trying flattery, "that you were the up-and-coming man in this town and that your friends wanted an oil painting of you."

"That's right, that's right," he agreed. "The boys do want the pitchur. But I'm a busy man and haven't got no time so I brought some good photos fer yuh. You can do yer stuff from them and I'll come in with the boys and help you out every once in a while. Git them photos, Sam," he commanded.

"No, no," I remonstrated, as Sam produced a bulky envelope. "Let the photos go. Give me just half or three-quarters of an hour and I'll do you a real job."

I got Benny down in a chair, put my canvas on another, whipped out my palette and colors, and began to sketch. Benny jerked off his derby, straightened his necktie, and took his cigar out of his mouth.

"Stay as you are," I pleaded. "Put your hat back on."

Benny turned on me. "Hey you!" A gleam of suspicion came into his eyes. "None o' that. Wot yuh think I am—a mug, to have my pitchur taken wid a hat on! This here's a clubhouse pitchur. Show 'im them photos, Sam."

Well, I had to look at the photos. As I expected, they looked more like Rudolph Valentino than Benny the alderman. His busted nose had been smoothed over and all the other marks of his picturesque individuality wiped out.

"I can do better than these," I said. "I'll make you look like a man."

Forgetting all about Denny's plan to treat this portrait as the start of a money racket, I simply painted the face in front of me as it was. Absorbed, I forgot the onlookers at my back. As I put the last dent in the broken nose and was preparing some flesh tones to lay over the basic drawing, I saw the aldermanic eye look past me to his loafing henchmen. I caught the restless question in its glance and sensed the negative sign that replied. Benny jumped up and looked over my canvas.

"Hey, wot's that?" he growled indignantly. "Wot yuh think this is? Yuh think Denny sent you here to make a monkey out o' me?"

"What's the matter with it?" I asked, blind in my enthusiasm over my sitter's picturesque countenance.

"Git them photos, Sam." He held one out. "That's me," he barked with crackling emphasis. "Work from them photos till I come back. Sam and the boys'll help you." He pushed out of the room. That was the last I saw of him.

Sam spoke up. "Say, yuh don't want to make no pitchur like that. Ain't you got no respec' for a man's position? Tha's a mug you made there."

I picked up one of Benny's photographs. "Does that look like the chief?"

"That's a good pitchur," said Sam.

"But the chief has a broken nose," I insisted.

"That's a accident," replied Sam. "We don't want no pitchurs of accidents. You make the chief like he is without any accidents. You better get it fixed. The boss don't feel so good about you."

I began to feel certain that I was going to lose my sketch if I didn't do something about it. I sensed that these fellows would never let me take it out of the building. I didn't give a damn about the commission, but I wanted my young alderman.

I felt my canvas and knew that it was sufficiently absorbent to hold what I had so far done. I coated it with retouching varnish. Then, deliberately taking my time so that the varnish would dry, I mixed

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up a lot of thick flesh-colored paint. I picked up one of the photographs and with a light touch copied it over my original. I worked an hour or more.

By the time it was dark I had a pretty fair copy of the photograph. I asked Sam how it was.

"It's a better pitchur, but it still don't look so much like the chief," said Sam.

I packed my stuff. "I'll have to take this home," I said, picking up my canvas, "to keep the paint from drying."

"That's O.K.," said Sam.

He let me out the front door.

I rushed home with my canvas. Tenderly I scraped off the surface paint with a palette knife. My original was there, blurred a little, but easy to fix. While my memory was good I touched up my alderman. That was the first of a long series of American portraits. (Robert M. McBride and Co., $3.75)

Jobs for Beavers

From "Field and Stream"

UNITS in charge of water conservation projects in southern Idaho have engaged the services of one of the greatest engineers of all times to help them with their work—the beaver. The workers are being drawn from a surplus supply of beaver in the northern counties, where their population is estimated at 10,000. It is planned to trap about 500 of the industrious animals for duty downstate.

The interesting announcement is further evidence of the extent to which conservation units in several states are falling back on the beaver—an animal once threatened with extinction—to help them solve their problems in water conservation and control. They are learning that the beaver is worth a hundredfold more as a builder of dams than he is as a fur-bearer.

The man who said he could forever cure the flood situation in the Ohio River valley with a hundred pairs of beavers may have been exaggerating, but it is a fact that—while federal authorities are worrying themselves sick over flood control and soil erosion budgets—beavers in a dozen states are going quietly about this very work at the headwaters of the smaller streams, where floods and erosion start. These natural-born engineers had made water control and water conservation a science before man built his first dam.

The thinker.—*Los Angeles Times*

Duties of a Resident Spy

From "Oktiabr," Moscow

By A. Vishinsky

FOREIGN intelligence services seek to place their agents as resident spies in the country under observation. These spies engage on the surface in humdrum work such as playing the bass viol in a theater, for example—a seemingly harmless occupation and one far remote from politics. Or dentists and artists may be chosen as resident spies.

The duties of a resident spy often consist merely in staying quietly at his post till the time for action comes, in keeping his eyes open as to what is going on around him, and in sending, at intervals, his impressions in code to his headquarters. The resident spy must make acquaintances and friendships which may prove useful, but otherwise he is not bound to engage in any overt acts. I repeat, the resident spy should be inactive till the time comes.

The resident spy must penetrate deeply in the layer of society in which he is placed. He must be in touch with the changing moods, the hopes and fears, likes and dislikes of the population. While doing so, he quietly awaits the signal for action.

Such resident spies are usually chosen from very trustworthy and well-tested people—as a rule citizens of the country they are spying on. They are the backbone of espionage systems. Through their agents, they find out whatever is of interest to those they serve. These agents also constitute their personnel for action. Once war is begun, factories burn, bridges are blown up, and trains wrecked in their sphere of influence.

It is very dangerous to let these spies strike deep roots in their environment. These agents strive to impress people with their honesty and decency. Unfortunately, they sometimes succeed in this, though, as a rule, not for long. As a rule their cards are called, their masks torn off, and the enemies are exposed.

The basic tenet of any foreign intelligence service is to get at men through their weaknesses. The old Roman proverb says *errare humanum est,* which means that men are apt to make mistakes. Mistakes are made through weaknesses or failings. The spy searches for those failings or vices, which we unfortunately still provide, to make use of them in his criminal work.

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This would beat the Bonneville Dam ceremony.—*The News, Lynchburg, Virginia*

An experienced spy acts according to the environment in which he finds himself and seeks a favorable one. Where social and industrial discipline reigns, where men are tightened up and close-lipped, it is hard for a spy to work. At a summer resort things are different. People relax, make friends easily, grow talkative and indiscreet. This is the spy's opportunity.

In a recent case, the German Intelligence Service succeeded in having its way with one rather important Russian specialist. As a serious, careful and businesslike man, the Russian engineer had brought with him to a resort a whole suitcase full of blueprints, reports and other documents. He would combine business with pleasure. Half the day he would flirt at the beach, the other half, he would pass over his papers. A businesslike arrangement!

Through the care of the intelligence service, this businesslike engineer met a businesslike lady. She also had come to the resort for a rest, but had brought a typewriter along. What was more natural than that she should offer to do some little service such as typing papers for the engineer? The latter thought she was a find. He met her often, she typed for him and soon became something like a private secretary. Their relations were of the friendliest nature—so thought the engineer.

Time passed. The lady typed the papers the engineer gave to her, and everything went well. Then, one fine morning, the engineer went to keep his usual appointment with the lady and gasped. The lady had gone, leaving no address. And where were the blueprints and papers? They were gone, too.

Later the spies were caught. The lady was found to be a German intelligence agent. It was learned that agents had been watching the engineer for a long time and, according to certain information in their possession, had known the easiest method of approaching him. Such cases are all too frequent.

Teeth Rings

From "Health"

TEETH have rings and other microscopic marks that tell secrets of a person's growth and health, declares Dr. Isaac Schour of the University of Illinois College of Dentistry.

Every tooth has its growth rings, something like the growth rings that tell the age of trees, Dr. Schour has discovered. Teeth rings, or other marks, however, tell also the story of glandular disturbances, vitamin lack, and other conditions affecting the health of an individual. A special tooth ring, called the neonatal ring, marks the birth of an individual.

Teeth start growing before birth, and continue growing until the age of twenty years in man, and corresponding ages in other animals. They constitute a permanent record of health and growth, it appears from Dr. Schour's research.

The teeth rings are not visible to the naked eye. Special staining makes them visible under the microscope. The rings are formed both in the enamel and the dentine of teeth, and Dr. Schour found them in all species he studied, from rat to man.

In the lower animals, a growth ring is added every twenty-four hours.

Coins of Edward VIII

From "Avocations"

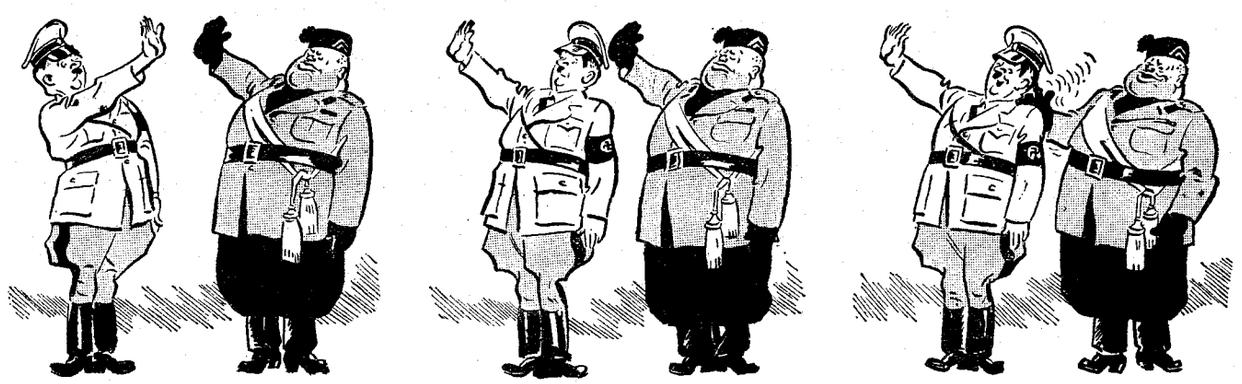
By Stuart Mosher

AS is customary for new rulers, Edward VIII contemplated new designs for the coins of England and her colonies. A year ago the outstanding artists of England submitted a number of designs from which Edward selected two different heads. The one designed by H. Paget showing his head uncrowned was to be used in England. The other selection, showing a crowned head such as is used on colonial coins, was the work of the famous artist Percy Metcalf. The designs selected for the reverses of the silver coins were made by George Kruger Gray.

It was planned to have the new coins ready at the time of his coronation, but his sudden abdication made these and other plans quite futile. Edward VIII is one of the few kings of England who is not portrayed on its coins. It was thought for a time that no coins would bear even his name, but four of the colonies issued such coins, quite disregarding the happenings in England.

The first coin having reference to Edward VIII that came to the attention of collectors was the penny of New Guinea. It is an odd-looking piece, strongly influenced by conventional native art. The obverse shows two birds, a crown and the initials E. R. I., meaning Edward Rex

The all-jolly-good-pals exercise—in four movements.—*Glasgow Record*



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Imperator. The reverse shows a native Papuan god in a squatting position. West Africa soon followed with three denominations in nickel. These pieces are very similar in design to the previous issue of George V.

The one-tenth pennies are now rather scarce. They were sent into the interior, where it was discovered that they made excellent washers with which to nail tarpaper roofing. They were much cheaper than the washers sold by hardware companies.

The two pieces from British West Africa are in copper and of the denominations of five and ten cents. The familiar elephant-tusk design used on previous issues has been followed.

The most recent and probably the last is the nickel one penny of Fiji. It is the simplest in all designs and, like all the others, it is center-holed so that it may be carried on a string by the pocketless natives.

None of these coins are outstanding examples of art nor of important denominations. But to collectors they will remain as imperishable relics of a great romance as well as a tragedy. In centuries to come they will tell the story as simply and clearly as coins issued 2000 years ago reveal to us the outstanding happenings of the ancient world.

Rights for Dad

From "Parents' Magazine"

CAN a father be *too* good to his family? Can he so far forget his own needs and desires that he frustrates the ends to which his sacrifice has been made?

My father is an old man before his time, broken both in health and in spirit. Years of constant drudgery, both at the office and at home, have wrecked what might have been the beautiful edifice of a man. He is rather embittered with life and thinks that his sons have been unappreciative of his many self-denials. He does not understand them; they do not understand him.

He was the victim of an already outmoded philosophy. There are thousands of others like him, no doubt. In unison, these unhappy fathers arise at an early hour, eat their hasty and scanty breakfasts and dash out of the door to drive the children to school (which is only six blocks away!). Then they repair to their respective offices and do not reappear until late in the evening, for dinner.

After dinner they are lucky if they have time to light their cigars and glance at the paper, for there are a myriad of tasks awaiting them to do; tasks that Jimmy and Joe could easily do if they were put to it. But Jimmy wants to go to the movies and Joe has promised the gang he would play ball with them. Dads are easy, these days. And so, in unison, the dads regretfully put away their papers, don their coveralls and go out into their various yards and gardens to mow the lawns, pull weeds or carry out the ashes.

But shouldn't a father have time to call his soul his own? Or must he be the slave of the whims of his family? Every boy and girl should be taught to share in the responsibilities of home. It gives the parents opportunities to enrich their own lives with an occasional hour or two of well-earned leisure. All play and no work makes Jack a thoughtless and irresponsible boy.

I have two sons of my own and they are all the world to me. I want them to have all the fun that boyhood requires. But I swear that I will not give them my all. I am going to hold something back for myself. Not money. Rather, I mean those intangible riches that are worth more to me than gold: leisure time of my own.

I want to pursue my hobbies. I want a little sociability. I want a few uninterrupted, golden moments out of each day's lot so that my old age may come on graciously, mellow and warm, as an October sunset. For then I should begin to reap the fruits of my labors. Then, perhaps, I shall be able really to get acquainted with the family that I have reared.

Riding on Cotton

From "This Week"

THE latest-style roads are built with cotton. The U. S. Bureau of Public Roads has been making experiments and, if they prove to be successful, it will be a great day for the South.

Exponents of cotton in roads say that it will do for the roads just what fabric does for automobile tires—take up the shock, hold the surface together and keep it from disintegrating. First a layer of sand and clay is put down, then a layer of tar prime, then the cotton fabric, then the hot asphalt and crushed stone. If the idea should work, 400,000 bales of cotton could be used annually in road building. The longest stretch of road yet underlaid with cotton fabric (about eight miles) was formally opened recently with much ceremony. It lies between Clinton and Faison, North Carolina.

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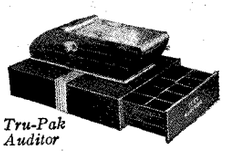

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SCIENCE

Radio reaches up

THE world's record for *slim* height goes to Westinghouse's new 718-foot radio spire, to be put into operation at Saxonburg, Pennsylvania, this Saturday as the transmitting antenna for the pioneer broadcasting station, KDKA.

All the way up from base to tip, the three-cornered spire has a maximum width of only five and a half feet. Made up of thirty-two welded-steel sections bolted together, it is held vertical by two sets of long guy wires. The entire weight of the tower, *sixty tons*, must rest in the ball-and-socket joint of a single great porcelain insulator, three feet high. The pull of the guys exerts an additional load of twenty tons. But tests show that this main insulator can withstand 100 tons. Under stress of winds, the structure will sway slightly in this socket, which is itself firmly fixed into the foundation, a concrete pier extending deep into the ground.

About half way up, at 336 feet, the antenna is electrically broken in two by a set of three small insulators. At the top is a brilliant aviation beacon, above which projects a lightning rod.

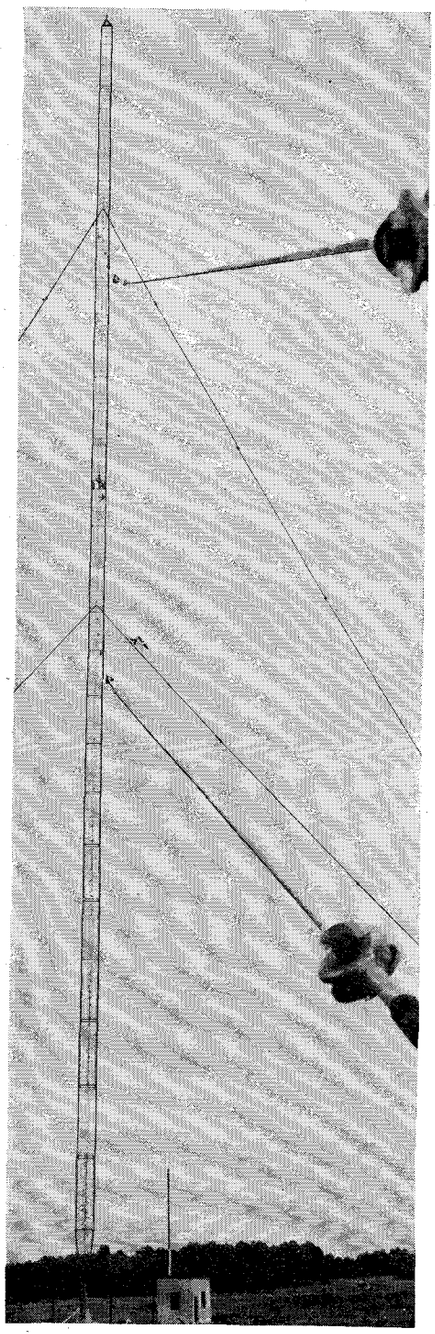
Such a lofty antenna was originally planned by Westinghouse's radio engineer, Dr. Frank Conrad, in 1929, to multiply the radius of broadcasting. But early trials proved that severe fading would occur close to the transmitting station. Lengthy experiments were conducted first at East Pittsburgh and then at Saxonburg, twenty *miles north of Pittsburgh*. Captive blimps were used to pull wires high aloft. Last October, a trial 644-foot antenna was erected, only to buckle and fall.

Now all problems have been solved. Eight 90-foot antennas circle the 718-foot spire, and serve to suppress interfering waves normally emitted in radio transmitting, and cause of fading. One group of waves always radiates skyward, while another group travels along the ground. Mushy reception occurs when the sky waves are reflected downward to interfere with the ground waves. Hence the ring of shorter towers is made to radiate sky waves which cancel the interference effects of the sky waves from the central spire.

Sky-wave interference is also reduced by improving the conductivity of the ground around the spire. To this end, *forty-eight miles* of copper wire have been buried a foot under the surface, to radiate out on all sides for 700 feet. KDKA will successfully broadcast over an area ten times that previously served.

This pioneer development coincides with the seventeenth anniversary of radio broadcasting, first achieved by this same station, KDKA. On November 2, 1920, Warren G. Harding's election was announced to the few owners of amateur receiving sets then in existence. This broadcast inaugurated a daily program which has not been interrupted.

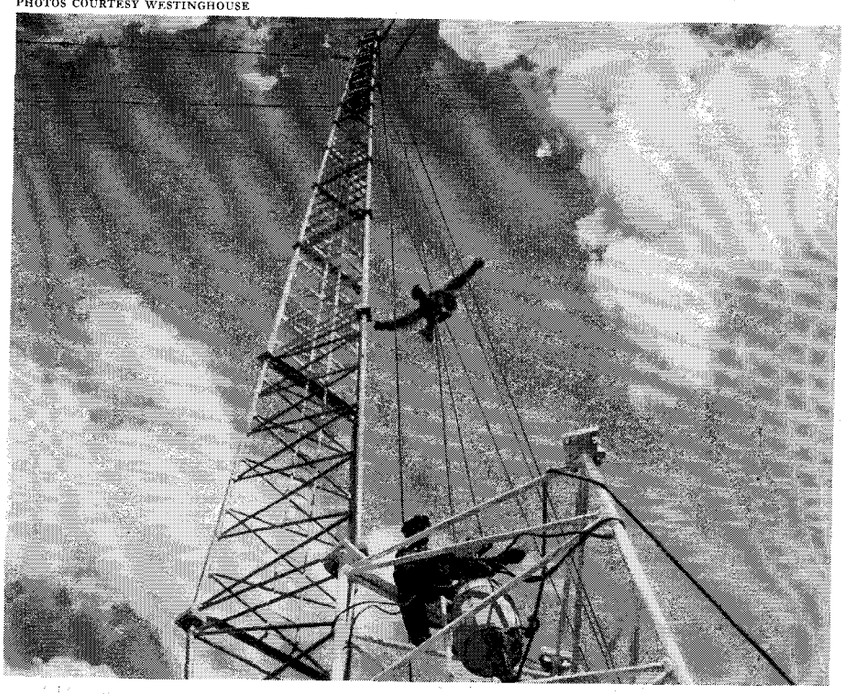
In 1937 the short waves of television are emerging from RCA's and NBC's experimental studio atop the Empire State Building. Television, child of radio, also needs great altitude. Perhaps television's present 45-mile maximum practical range will be vastly extended by towers even higher than 718 feet.



HIGHER than a 50-story building is this new radio tower near Pittsburgh

THE TOWER'S greatest width is 5½ feet, three-cornered, made of thirty-two sections. One section is here about to be raised to the top

PHOTOS COURTESY WESTINGHOUSE



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BUSINESS

Paradox in prices

BIG-SHOTS in tailored suits and workers in overalls both worried last week about commodity prices, but for opposite reasons. Executives worried because wholesale prices fell to new lows; wage earners worried because retail prices climbed to new highs.

Business men fretting over the low level of wholesale commodity prices point dolefully to President Roosevelt's statement last April 2 (wherein he charged that durable goods prices were too high and were rising faster than prices of consumers' goods) as the cause for the decline. At that time the President announced he would try to curb such inflationary price increases by diverting government purchases from producers' goods to consumers' goods. Prior to that statement (as a matter of fact, since 1933) the Administration had sought precisely the reverse, namely, to raise prices of heavy goods.

If curtailment of price increases in heavy goods was what the President wanted last April, by last week he had his wish. All wholesale prices, not alone those of durable goods, had fallen more than 18 per cent from their spring peak (as measured by the *Journal of Commerce* index of thirty commodities).

Scrap steel, for instance, sold at $17 a ton last week, compared with $22 in April. Copper sold at 12 cents a pound, 5 cents below its year's high. Cotton sold at 7½ cents a pound, half its price last spring. Wheat sold for little more than a dollar a bushel, only two-thirds the price in April. Corn sold at 63½ a bushel, 77 cents below its spring peak.

Although the average of wholesale commodity prices was down to its low point of the year, observers were careful to point out that the severest declines had taken place in heavy goods, while farm staples had been hit less severely. And the reason for the decline in heavy goods, they argued, was this: In spring there was a dwindling supply of rubber, copper, tin, lead and other raw materials in the hands of manufacturers. Fearing inflation and fearing strikes, the manufacturers stocked up. At the same time, producers guessed wrong on market needs and produced more than was needed.

The decline in farm prices, on the other hand, was the result of bumper crops; the greater the crop, the lower the price. Thus, prices of cotton, wheat, corn fell as estimates of yield increased.

Turning to the rise in retail food prices, and to the consumer's alarm over the increase: prices of most farm products, and to a greater extent, of meat products, have risen over those of a year ago, while prices of fruits have fallen. Meat prices, for example, are 30 to 40 per cent higher than a year ago. But the supply of meat was 25 per cent less this summer than last (as a result of the drought), hence the increase in price.

To fill a basket of food, the Department of Agriculture estimates it now costs $8.60, compared with $8.40 a year ago, and $6.67 during the depression. However, in 1929, it cost $10.90 to fill the same basket.

Likewise, the Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates that retail food prices as a whole advanced in September four-tenths of 1 per cent over their August level, stood at an index number of 85.8, compared with May's peak of 86.5. Food prices in September were 28.7 per cent higher than in September, 1932, but still 20.5 per cent under September, 1929.

But other items enter into the worker's budget which make him aware of price increases. Rent, clothing, house furnishings and sundries have risen in price; they again make him concerned (as he was in 1920) about the High Cost of Living. Only two items, fuel and light, are cheaper this year than last.

The Department of Labor estimates that the wage earner's cost of living is now 3 per cent higher than last year, 15 per cent above its depression low. Likewise, the National Industrial Conference Board reports that the cost of living in September advanced 1.9 points over August, 26.3 points over 1933, though still 9.9 points below 1929.

To most observers, the six-months drop in wholesale commodity prices should not be reckoned wholly as a decline, but rather as a leveling-off process. As for retail prices, they point out that these tend to follow wholesale prices, though with a varying time lag.

Also, in coming months, a lot depends upon what action Congress takes, in its special session beginning November 15, regarding President Roosevelt's demands for crop control and wages-and-hours legislation, both of which, if enacted, would affect the price level. In his fireside chat two weeks ago, the President stated that the government's objective would be to lower the prices of finished goods while at the same time increasing wages. Such action, some critics warn, should be taken slowly, so that the increased costs saddled on employers will not force them to curtail production and create unemployment. Two other factors vitally affecting the price level still remain the imponderables: the future of gold and the future of the budget.

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MOVIE of the WEEK

Angel

PARAMOUNT'S new vehicle for Marlene Dietrich is exactly the kind of film the producers out Los Angeles way shun in holy terror. Very sophisticated, very subtle, very chic is *Angel.*

Such a condition, though frequent in the European studios, is pathetically rare in Hollywood, where the mighty law of mass production prevails. If the movie moguls could ever convince themselves that mass production is synonymous with anything but sub-adolescent entertainment, that law would not be so dolorous. It seems too much to expect of them, however, with the result that a real, live, grown-up picture like *Angel* has become as rare a treat to Americans as dining on humming-birds' nests.

Set against a background of the aristocracy—where men and women find it possible to convey their emotions without the aid of sledge hammers—this story of a woman loved by her husband *and* the Other Man omits far more than it includes. The eternal thorn in the cinema side is the thought that the Sticks (that's Hollywood's brand new name for everything between New York and San Francisco—not mine) will fail to grasp the omissions and, hence, find the entire picture pure gibberish. Hollywood has not what could be called a high opinion of the brain capacity in the Sticks.

Why this somewhat impolite theory persists will always remain a mystery to me. Perhaps readers of THE DIGEST, most of whom live elsewhere than in New York, will tell me. It is you at whom the heavy barrage of celluloid is eternally aimed. Hollywood really believes you enjoy being submerged in a constant avalanche of films like *Varsity Show* or *Charlie Chan* and other cycles. If only the vast public between the Atlantic and Pacific would descend in its wrath on the cinema industry and point out that it actually comprehends adult entertainment—in fact, enjoys taking an occasional subtlety in its stride—we might go to the movies more often than on Bingo Nights.

Ernst Lubitsch, frequently called Hollywood's most brilliant director, introduces us by a characteristic trick to the house in which Miss Dietrich and Melvyn Douglas meet. His camera moves from window to window, picking up glimpses of people within as though it were a stranger wondering what the people were saying and wishing to join the party. If it isn't perfectly clear that the hostess, a Russian Grand Duchess, runs a gay and questionable salon and that Miss Dietrich has no business being there or making dates with Mr. Douglas, I'll eat my hat.

She gets a pang of conscience by the end of the evening and dashes back to London, home, and husband (Herbert Marshall), leaving her extracurricular gentleman no forwarding address. Since Mr. Marshall plays the role of a diplomat of the Eden type, and since Mr. Douglas is pretty important in foreign affairs, it is inevitable that the two men meet. Douglas, for lack of more accurate information, calls Marlene "Angel" and chases all over telling everyone about his lost dream-girl. Marshall, fascinated by his story, invites him home to lunch. The rest of the film is their solution of the triangle problem.

Not much of a plot, but the plot is unimportant. The three actors, particularly Dietrich, are delightful. They are just the people to interpret the zest and sparkle of the situations Lubitsch creates for them.

Instead of showing them at their first painful threesome lunch, the director takes you into the servants' quarters—a hilarious sequence in which the butler and his staff try to figure out why their mistress and their master's guest leave their food untouched. (Mr. Marshall hasn't yet discovered that his wife is the mysterious Angel.)

Marlene, now frantic, in a desperate effort to forget her new flame, asks her husband to take her on a trip. They decide to go to the funny hotel in Vienna where they spent their honeymoon. Says Marshall, "Remember how we had to walk up all those stairs and how the best we could get was that miserable, ill-furnished suite?"

"Suite?" asks his wife, in surprise.

"Yes, darling," he counters, "there was a sitting-room."

Lubitsch and his actors are so full of charm and graces that they slid by the censors with innumerable scenes like this. Except for Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich is probably the only film personality who draws audiences no matter what her vehicle. It is just so much pure gravy, then, to find her in a vastly polished and entertaining picture in which we of the audience are permitted to dot the i's and cross the t's all by ourselves.—*Donita Ferguson*

1. MARLENE DIETRICH is the mysterious "Angel" to Melvyn Douglas

2. ONLY a charming wife is she to her busy husband, Herbert Marshall

3. WHICH of the two diplomats is to be the light of her life?

ALSO—

The Perfect Specimen (Warner)—Comedy. Errol Flynn, reared by his grandmother (May Robson), to excel the whole world in everything from differential calculus to boxing so he can be the ideal president of the vast family business. Joan Blondell comes along just in time to save him from perfection.

This Way Please (Paramount)—Comedy. Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Betty Grable, Fibber McGee and Molly (of radio fame) and all the king's men couldn't save this nondescript affair. Recommended solely for the large audience who must see Ned Sparks at any cost.

Counsel for Crime (Columbia)—Criminal trial. Otto Kruger still holding his own in the courtroom and trying to bolster a pretty confused story.

This Is China (Leon Wechsler)—Documentary. The man who made *Wings Over Ethiopia* takes you on a most interesting trip through China, made significant because of current conditions. Alois Havrilla commentary.

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SPORTS

Rodeo

As their city's annual rodeo began this week, staid Bostonians peered down their noses at bucking broncos, whose sole aim in life was to throw their riders to Kingdom Come; at "wild" cows, which stamped and pawed defiantly, daring anyone to try to milk them; and at Brahma steers, which bucked and kicked and tried every way possible to prod their riders loose.

Blasé New Yorkers gaped and gawked at a similar spectacle last week and drawling Louisianians will stare at the same novelty two weeks hence in Baton Rouge.

To the people of these three cities, their rodeos are single annual events. To the cowboys and cowgirls competing in the shows, the three are mere stopovers in a nation-wide circuit which starts in Denver in January, hops, skips and jumps across Phoenix, Tucson, Fort Worth and the rest of the country, and winds up in Baton Rouge in November.

Rodeos are big business today, rate second among professional sports in paid attendance. They even boast a trade association: The Rodeo Association of America. Although many amateur rodeos operate on their own, professional rodeos must belong to the rodeo association if they want to put on an authorized show. And to association rules governing kind and quality of livestock, prizes and guaranties, these shows must conform.

Skeptical Easterners deride the rodeos coming to their towns as mere carbon copies of western shows. But rodeo men reply that eastern shows are far more expensive to produce (because of heavy transportation costs) and compare with western shows as the American League with a sand-lot ball team. As a matter of fact, the rodeo recently held in New York's Madison Square Garden, which distributed prizes totaling $43,190, is the biggest in the country, even bigger than the Pendleton and Cheyenne roundups.

Rodeos attract the cream of the crop among cowboys, who first learn of them through the magazine, *Hoofs and Horns*, official spokesman for forthcoming shows. Listed in *Hoofs and Horns* are the time and place of all shows and the prizes offered. Cowboys pick out the most attractive shows, prepare their horses and outfit and come out after the prize money.

Contestants competing in rodeos do not draw salaries. Instead they must shoulder their own traveling and living expenses (usually a minimum of $300), and hospitalization costs, when, as and if. Before they can enter an event, they must plump down an entrance fee ranging all the way from as low as $5 in the West to as high as $100 in the East.

Curiously enough, entry fees for the less hazardous events are the more costly. Rodeo men reason that if a contestant gets thrown off a bronc, no one can tell whether or not he is a good rider. But let him miss a couple of tries at rope throwing and his amateurishness will soon give him away.

Jaded rodeo audiences like best to see a cowboy ride a bronc. In saddle bronc riding, the horse has a committee saddle strapped about him, which has no bridle, merely a halter and rein. The cowboy, when astride his mount, must hold the rein in one hand, keep the other aloft. If he should touch the horse with his hat or free hand during the ride, he is penalized. While astride the horse during the required ten seconds, he must "scratch" the flanks with his spurs. Smart cowboys know they can keep their feet loose and "scratch like hell" while the horse is rearing. But once the bronc starts down, the rider's feet had better be stretched earthward and braced for the shock, or else.

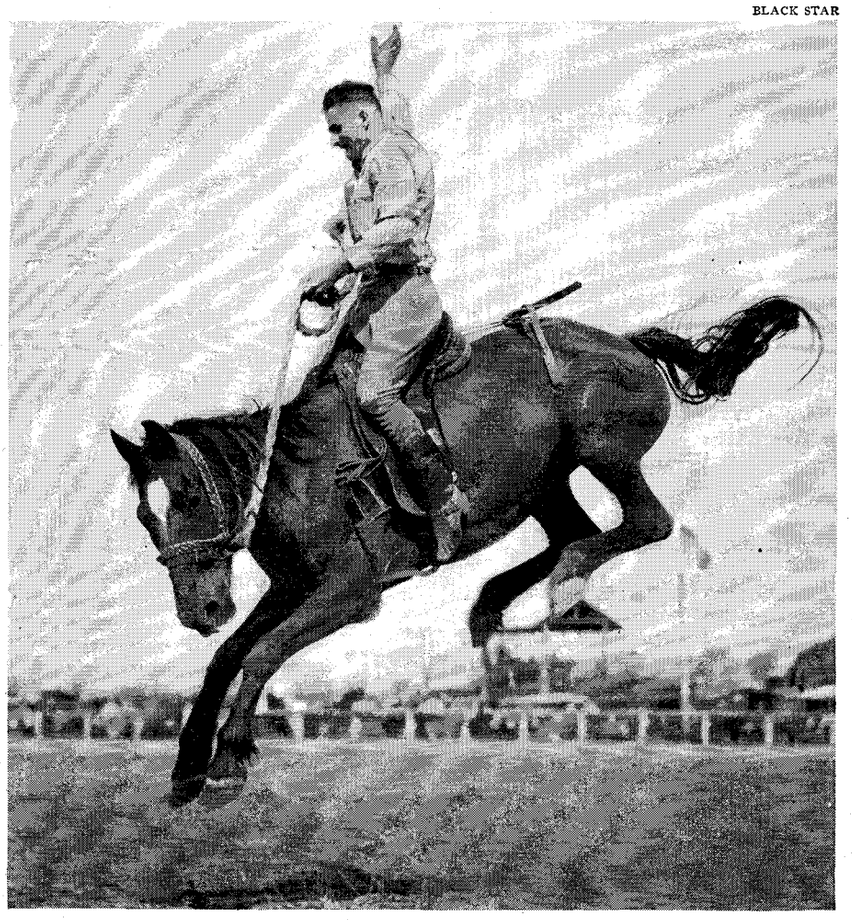
To cowboys, probably the toughest contest to enter is steer riding. Brahma steers used in the event come from the salt grass marshes of Texas and the Gulf coast of Florida. They are descendants of the sacred cattle of India. Cowboys call these steers the toughest, fastest and meanest animals of their size afoot.

In steer riding, the Brahma is chosen by lot and corralled into a chute. A loose rope is drawn around his withers. The cowboy climbs aboard, forms a loop with the slack (which he holds in his upturned palms), and the panic is on. The steer rushes out of the pen, bucks, rears, sways, tries every way to throw his rider, tries even to gore him. The rider must stay on top for eight seconds and must scratch the steer as well. His performance is judged by his skill in staying on top and by the meanness of the animal.

For their efforts—and pains and aches and bruises—cowboys, on the average, clear about $1500 yearly above expenses. Some thirty of them make between $8000 and $15,000 a year. To the cowboy who earns the greatest number of points in rodeos throughout the year go a trophy and a title from the Rodeo Association of America. To the greatest scorers in individual events go similar awards.

Most cowboy contestants prefer the hazards of rodeo to a job on a ranch at $45 a month. Which is all very well—that is, if they live.

BLACK STAR



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The Spice of Life

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Panning the Editor—An editor met the late Sir James Barrie, the famous author of *Peter Pan,* at a dinner.

"Sir James," he said, "I suppose some of your plays do better than others. They are not all successes, I imagine."

Barrie leaned toward him confidentially. "No," he said, his eyes twinkling, "some Peter out and some Pan out."
—*Montreal Star.*

Father Knows—Little Billy, aged 4, was being shown the shape of the earth on a globe atlas by his mother. After pointing to all the countries with their peculiar shapes, she asked:

"Now, Billy, what shape is the world?"

Billy, looking very wise and happy, beamed on her with: "It's in a terrible shape, daddy says."—*Labor.*

Getting It Right—A woman traveling by train was talking with the man in the next seat. In describing her holiday, she said that she had visited San Jose.

"You pronounce that wrong," said the man. "It is San Hosay. In California you should pronounce all J's as H's. When were you there?"

The woman thought a minute, then answered, "In Hune and Huly."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

New Excuse—*Policeman:* "How did the accident happen?"
Motorist: "My wife fell asleep in the back seat."—*Grit (Sydney, Australia).*

Big Order—*She:* "I want a lipstick."
Clerk: "What size, please?"
She: "Three rides and a house party."—*Capper's Farmer.*

Tloo Blad—"Lighthouse no good fol flog," says Chinaman. "Lighthouse he shine, whistle he blow, flog bell he ling, and flog he come just the same. No glood."—*Cornell Widow.*

Power of the Press—"Thursday I lost a gold watch which I valued very highly. Immediately I inserted an ad in your lost-and-found column and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of another suit. God bless your paper."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Aha!—"I want to buy a toy train for my little boy."

"Next floor, please, sir. Men's Hobbies!"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Quick Work—A high school girl, seated next to a famous astronomer at a dinner party, struck up a conversation with him by asking, "What do you do in life?"

He replied, "I study astronomy."

"Dear me," said the girl. "I finished astronomy last year."
—*Boston Traveller.*

Getting On—"Is your wife having any success in learning to drive a car?"

"Well, the road is beginning to turn when she does."—*Montreal Herald.*

Presence of Mind—*Office Boy:* "Sorry, madam, but Mr. Snifkins has gone to lunch with his wife."

The Wife: "O! Well . . . tell Mr. Snifkins his typist called."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Question of Tone—"What's the matter, Jenkins?" snapped a shoe store manager. "Can't you serve this customer?"

"No, sir," replied the assistant. "He's trying to find two shoes which squeak in the same key."—*Denver Post.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Edwin Franko Goldman: "Bands are not inferior to orchestras—they're just different."

President Roosevelt: "My anchor is democracy."

Julius Streicher: "Hitler is history's greatest physician."

John Gunther: "How difficult it is for a nation to keep from being itself."

Harold Laski: "The Romanovs of this world are followed by the Lenins as unavoidably as the Coolidges are followed by the Roosevelts."

Quincy Howe: "The President, in domestic affairs, turns over his New Deal to reactionary southern Senators, stock market gamblers, municipal machine politicians, former commanders of the American Legion, and Texas bank presidents."

"Why does Mary look so lovesick when she reads a newspaper?" "Her fiancé is a typesetter."—*Holiie Humour, London*

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